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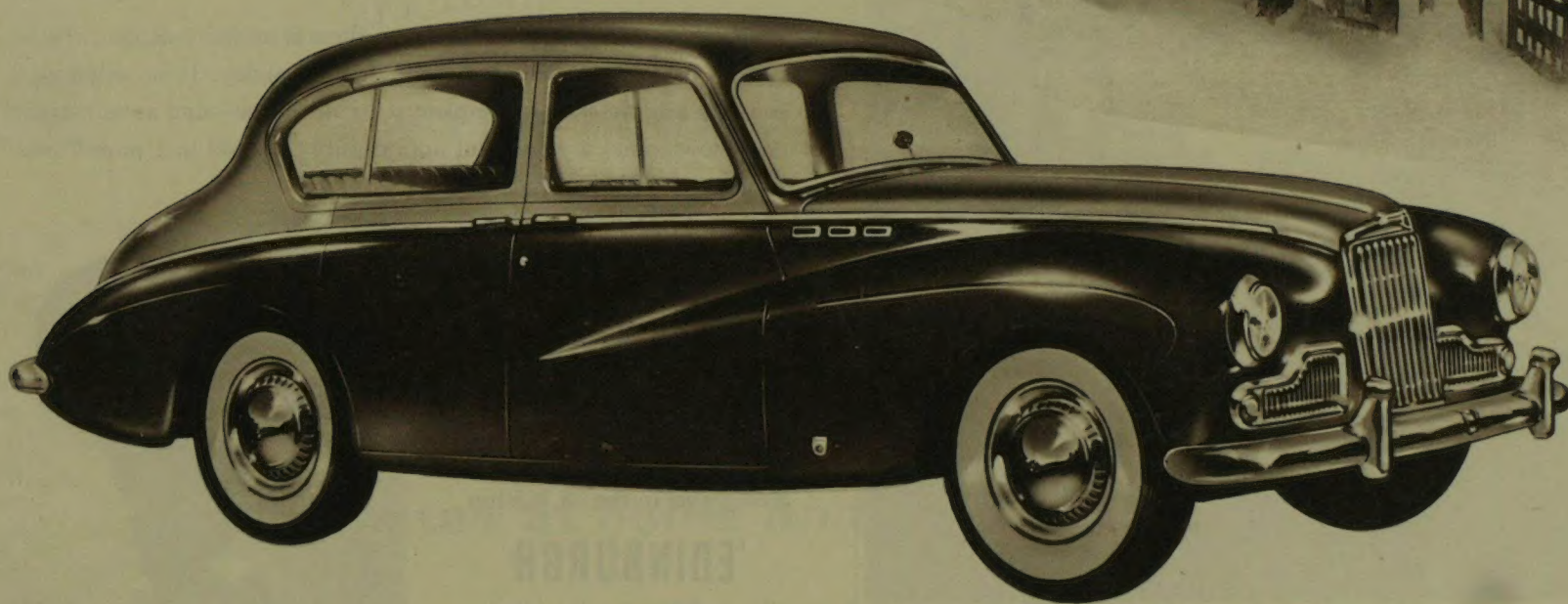
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Famous rally performance and reliability proved over the world's stiffest courses, easy handling in exhausting traffic, luxury seating and styling — that's your Sunbeam Mark III, now more elegant than ever in its new two-tone colour schemes.

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See the Sunbeam's rally-winning pedigree!

- 1953** Sunbeam wins 4 *Coupe des Alpes*, and the *Coupe des Dames* in the Alpine, the Team Prize in the Monte Carlo.
- 1954** The Supreme Award, Gold Cup and the *Coupe des Dames* in the Alpine, Team Prize in the Monte Carlo.
- 1955** The Outright Winner, plus the *Coupe des Dames* and L'Equipe Cup (Best Three cars same make) in the Monte Carlo.

MK III

Sunbeam

SPORTS SALOON

Outright winner of the Monte Carlo Rally

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The BP Shield is the symbol of the world-wide organisation of

The British Petroleum Company
LIMITED

First Class return to South Africa

£180

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You travel in the 28,705-ton

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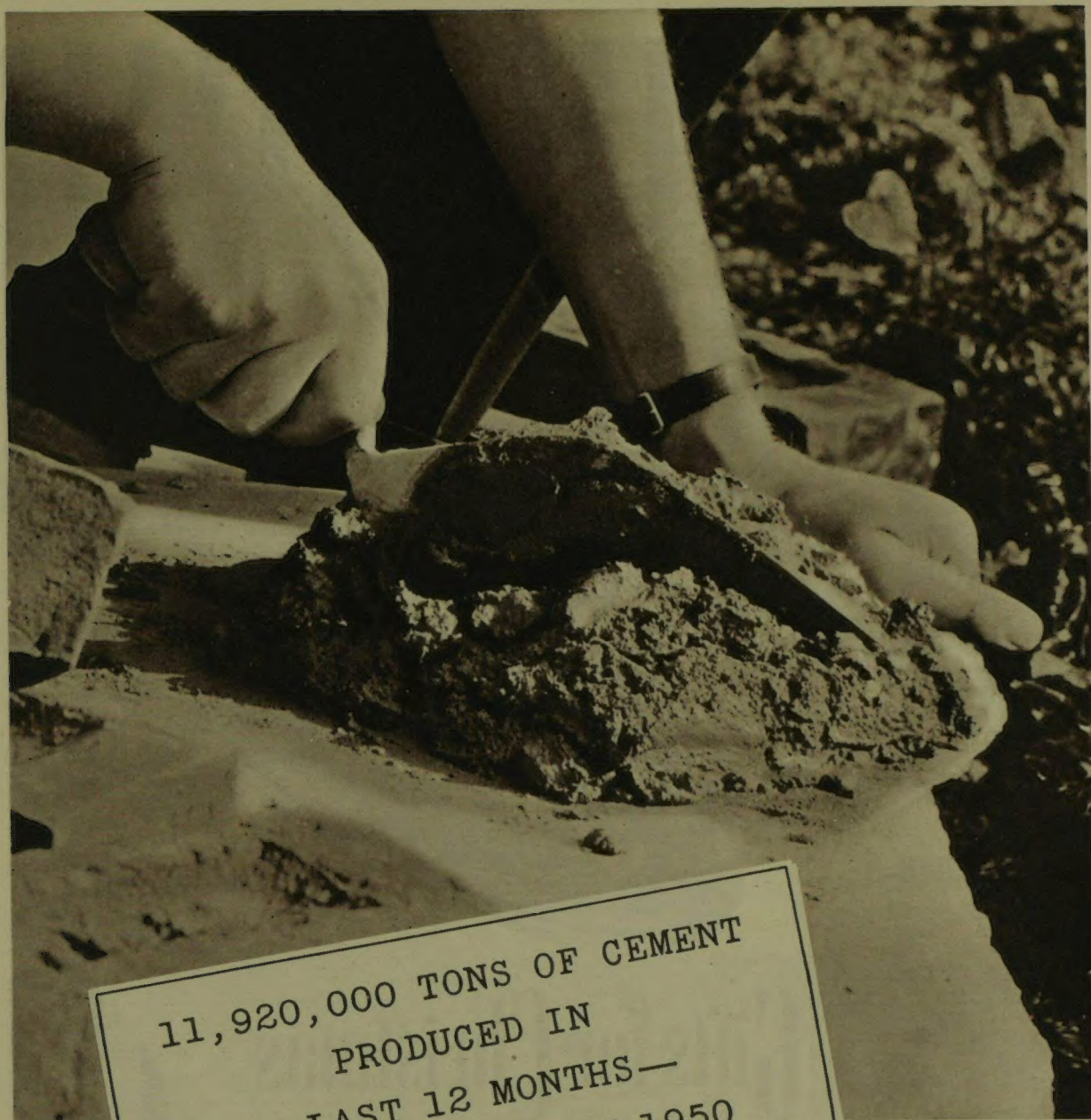
sailing from Southampton
14th June, due Cape Town
28th June, 1956.

Illustrated folder, also details
of reduced fares by other Mail-
ships and for the 9 weeks,
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22% MORE THAN IN 1950

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to which The English Electric Company
contributes at home and abroad ...**

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Since 1949, Britain's industrial output has risen by 20% and the value of British exports has gone up by 42%.

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And ENGLISH ELECTRIC makes the motors and other

electrical gear by which industries use this energy for production.

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Moreover, ENGLISH ELECTRIC is a vigorous exporter of heavy equipment — and of engineering skill. *Approximately half the Group's business is overseas.* All over the world, ENGLISH ELECTRIC is earning foreign currencies for Britain — and a reputation that helps all British exports.

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POWER FOR INDUSTRY. This 60,000-h.p. steam turbine generating set is one of six supplied by ENGLISH ELECTRIC to Whitebirk Power Station in Blackburn, which provides power for Lancashire industries.



POWER IN INDUSTRY. An ENGLISH ELECTRIC 85-h.p. screen-protected motor drives a Kennedy crushing machine in the Groby Granite Quarries. ENGLISH ELECTRIC motors are used to drive machinery in a great variety of industries in Britain and all over the world.



DEVELOPING MARKETS OVERSEAS. An ENGLISH ELECTRIC 1,440-b.h.p., 600-r.p.m. diesel engine is unpacked at Accra, Gold Coast, where three similar engines and two of 558 b.h.p. are installed in the power house.

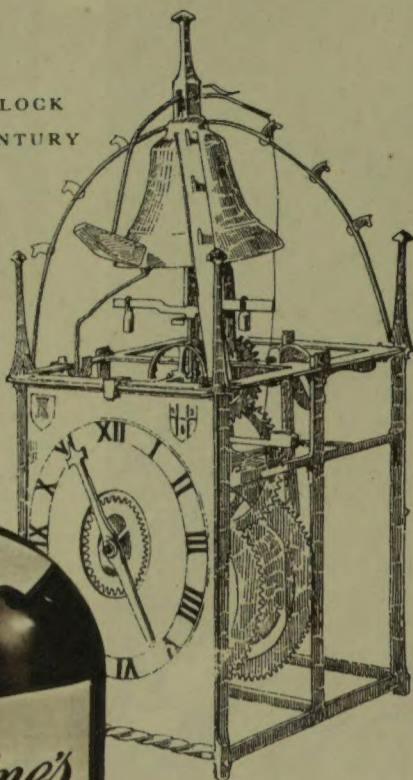
To YOUNG MEN and their PARENTS

To any boy or young man considering a career in science or engineering, ENGLISH ELECTRIC offers almost unlimited opportunities. As a student or graduate apprentice, he will receive first-class training under excellent conditions, and can look forward to a choice of stimulating and rewarding jobs, at home or abroad, in this great organization. For details of ENGLISH ELECTRIC training schemes, please write to the Central Personnel Department.

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To use the malts at their best times is crucial. It is a matter for age-old skills—skills which to-day at Dumbarton, the resources of a modern laboratory are called in to aid and safeguard—not to replace.

This care is amply repaid. All over the world men recognize the personality of their favourite Scotch—Ballantine's—the superb Scotch.



Ballantine's
THE SUPERB SCOTCH

George Ballantine & Son Ltd. Dumbarton, Scotland. Distillers at Forres, Elgin, Brechin, Dumbarton



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SLIPPERS. Our fine range of slippers from 20/9 to 46/9 includes a large variety of Grecian styles which we have with various types of warm or leather linings.

The Grecian slipper, illustrated above, has a pigskin upper, lined with glove leather . . . 42/-
It can also be obtained with a Teak glovespun upper . . . 39/9

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Grecian. Calf uppers, supple leather soles, real shearling lined . . . 39/9

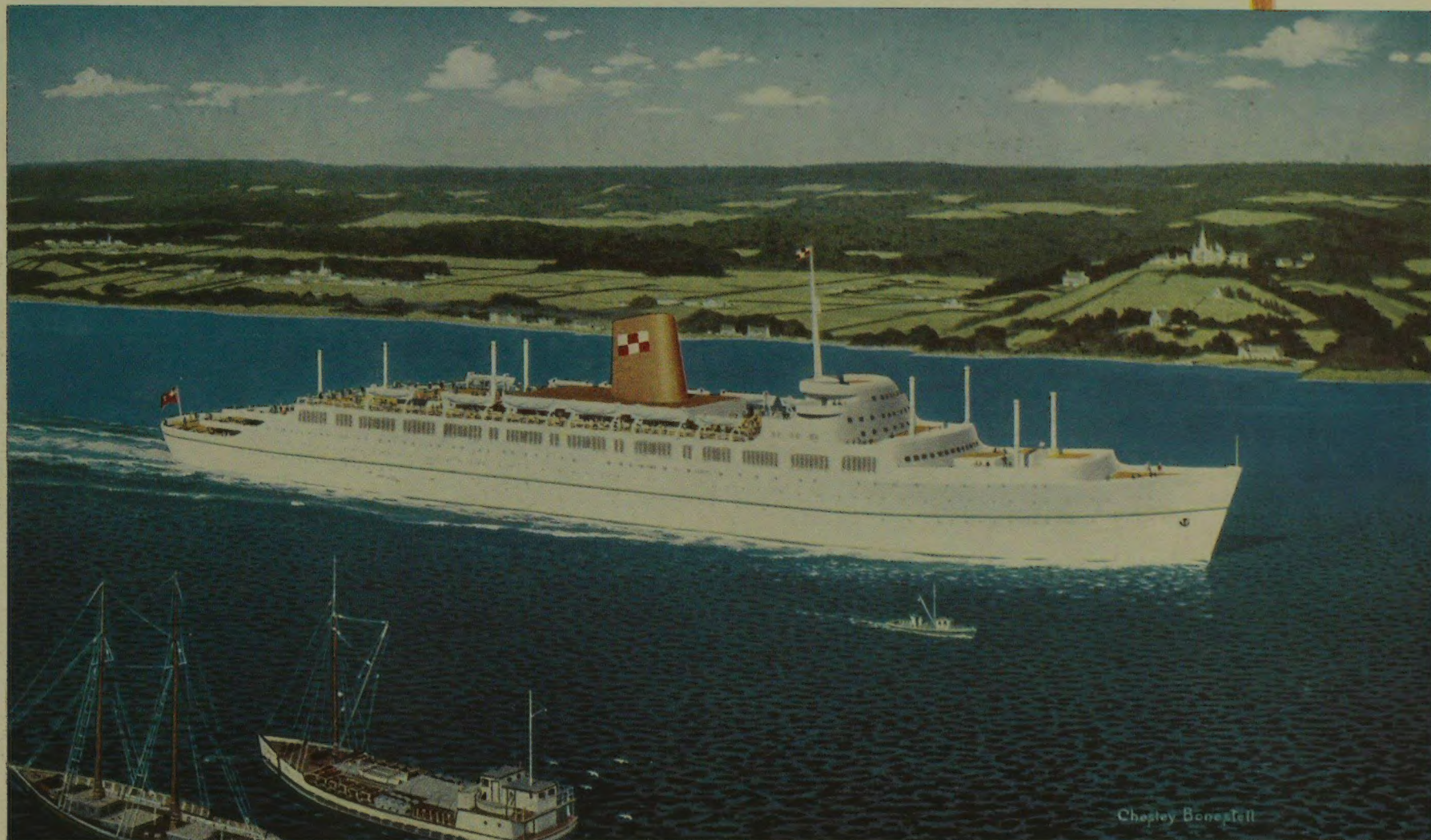
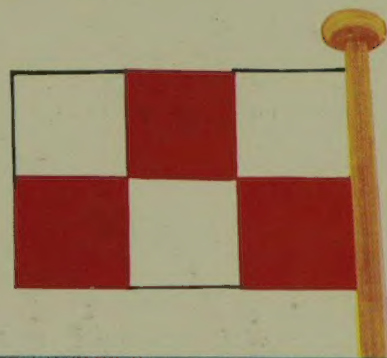


Jester Bootee. In tan leather, cosy white pile lined, flexible leather soles . . . 16/9

55.8.7

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Chester Bonestell

The magnificent new "Empress of Britain" sails up the St. Lawrence next Spring

Next Spring—as if the great St. Lawrence river had no purpose but to smooth her regal progress—the beautiful new "Empress of Britain", flagship and pride of the Canadian Pacific, will glide right into the heart of Canada—to Quebec and Montreal.

The new liner, third of the name, is the latest addition to the White Empress fleet, which offers swift and regular sailings on the Britain-Canada service. Her passengers will find every detail to be in keeping with her streamlined cut. Witness the echeloned decks, with their uncluttered invitation to the sun; witness the stabilizers for steadiness in all weathers; everything, indeed, from the great ballroom to the individual staterooms, all of which are separately air-conditioned. All that conduces to modern comfort, both for First Class and Tourist, has been included. Each traveller will know, too, that he or she can, if need be, continue the journey by rail in the lavish lap of Canadian Pacific service.

The Empress of Britain sails from Liverpool on 20th April on her maiden voyage. Cabot himself would have wished to be aboard.

Canadian Pacific

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Give a gay gift -
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equal shares - remember!

No need to pass them round, Mummy
and I have a tin of our own. So you
can tuck in to your heart's content.
Yes, they're Sharps—I know
they're your favourites.

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Give a gay gift -
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Toffees are such a friendly gift—
and when you are alone together
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of Sharps adds sweetness to
the lasting moment. What about
a tin as an extra—for tonight.

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"The Toffee Specialists"



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The most PERSONAL
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Steadier than the beating of a heart, precise as time itself, minutely precious like a jewel, utterly and completely yours. Expressing too your character in the rejection of anything less than the highest — and in demanding in this personal possession above all the perfection of UNIVERSAL-GENEVE.

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from Christmas
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11 Ski-lifts. Average daily sunshine 8 to 9 hours. Many
Social Events. Special reduced rates in January.
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With Through Coaches to the Ideal Winter Resort
for Recreation and Sport!

Ice-rink, Curling, Ski-lifts, Chair-lift, Cable-railway.
Swiss Ski-school. 16 Hotels with 800 beds.
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Ski-school included in hotel rates. Tourist Office, Mürren.

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Splendid conditions and plenty of sunshine also in January,
and especially favourable hotel arrangements from January 10th
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New Cable-railway to Maennlichen.

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CHRISTMAS is coming. Parties are in the air.

When friends come round, you've only to bring out the bottle of Gordon's and you *have* the party spirit.

Everyone likes Gordon's. It's the favourite gin by far and like a happy man it is a *good mixer*. With orange it's sweet. With Italian vermouth, it's semi-sweet. With French vermouth, it's dry. With tonic water, it's m'm, wonderful! You can give everyone their Gordon's as they enjoy it most—and how they do enjoy it!

Get the party spirit . . . get Gordon's!

'SHAKER' COCKTAILS

For cocktail parties, you can buy any one of the six most famous cocktails, ready mixed by Gordon's experts. Choose!—Dry Martini, Martini, Bronx, Piccadilly, Perfect, Fifty-Fifty.

ORANGE GIN & LEMON GIN

Smooth as a fine liqueur and 60° proof, Gordon's Orange Gin and Gordon's Lemon Gin can be served before a meal (preferably chilled) or after the meal as a liqueur.

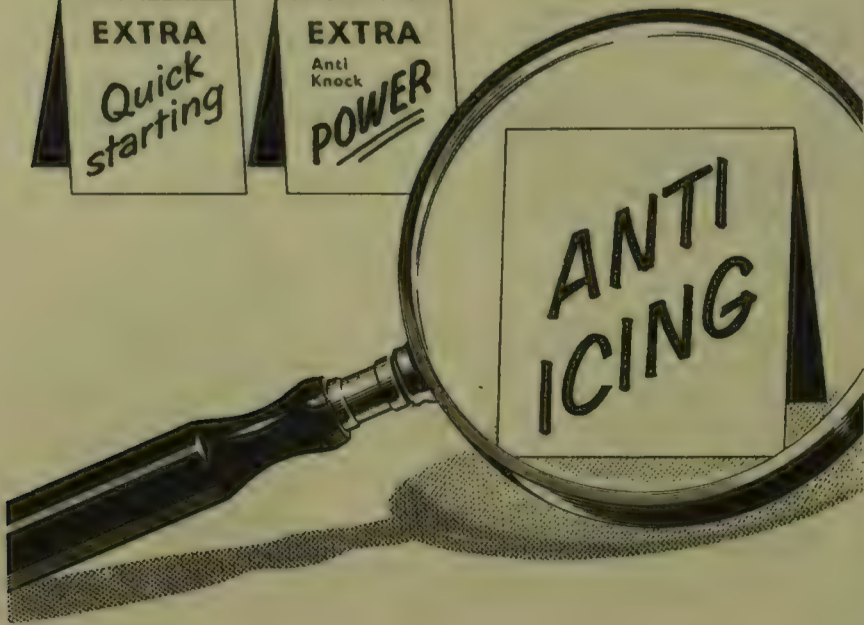
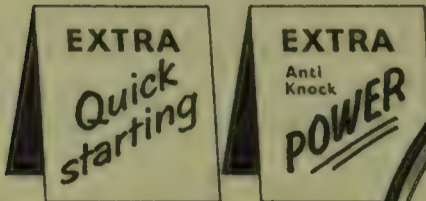
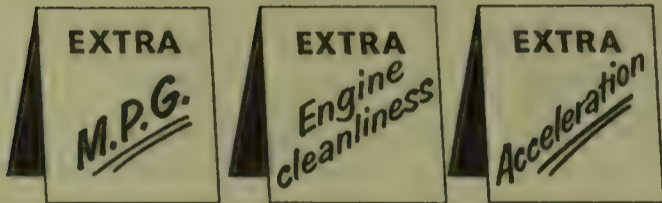
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Perfect weather for his **water-resistant** watch!



Buy from a jeweller, who can service a watch as well as sell it. His advice is skilled and knowledgeable—and very well worth having.

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Whatever sort of watch you're looking for—see that the one you buy is Swiss. There are no other watches like them.

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There are four Princess models. Prices from £2,498.17.0 to £3,001.7.0. incl. P.T. Automatic gear box £270 incl. P.T. optional extra

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When, at long last, he has to reline your brakes, he'll tie this Ferodo label to your steering wheel as proof of his confidence in the reliability, safety and toughness of Ferodo Anti-Fade Brake Linings.

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Expert advice on brakes

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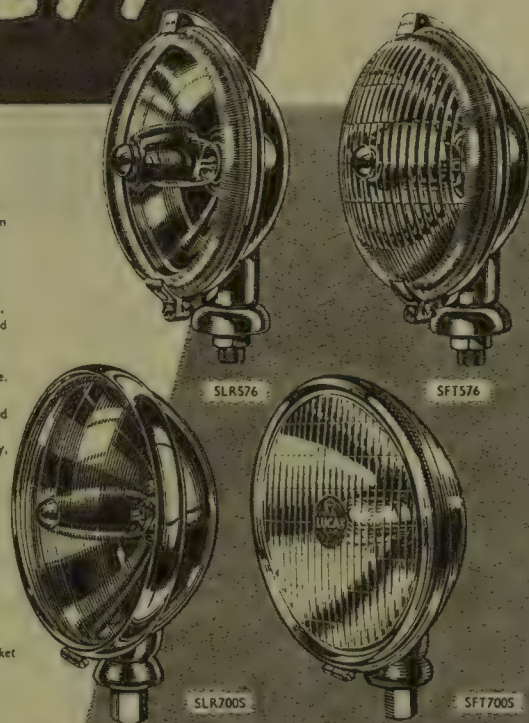
Prices

SLR & SFT576 82/6 each

SLR700S 105/-

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Complete with cable switch and bracket



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Elaborately ornamented dirk worn by officers of the Cameron Highlanders, the famous Scots Regiment, on full dress occasions. The stones are cairngorms.



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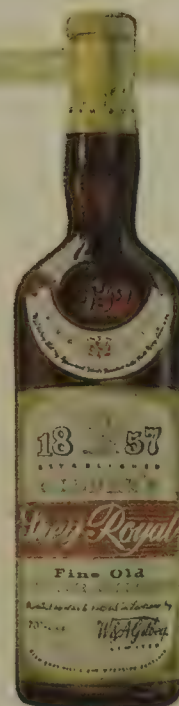
Tradition largely governs the refinements of ceremonial Highland costume. Tradition, too, plays a major role in the blending of GILBEY'S SPEY ROYAL Whisky—a proprietary Scotch of great character that has built up an enviable reputation throughout the world.

SCOTCH

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WHISKY

A PROPRIETARY BRAND



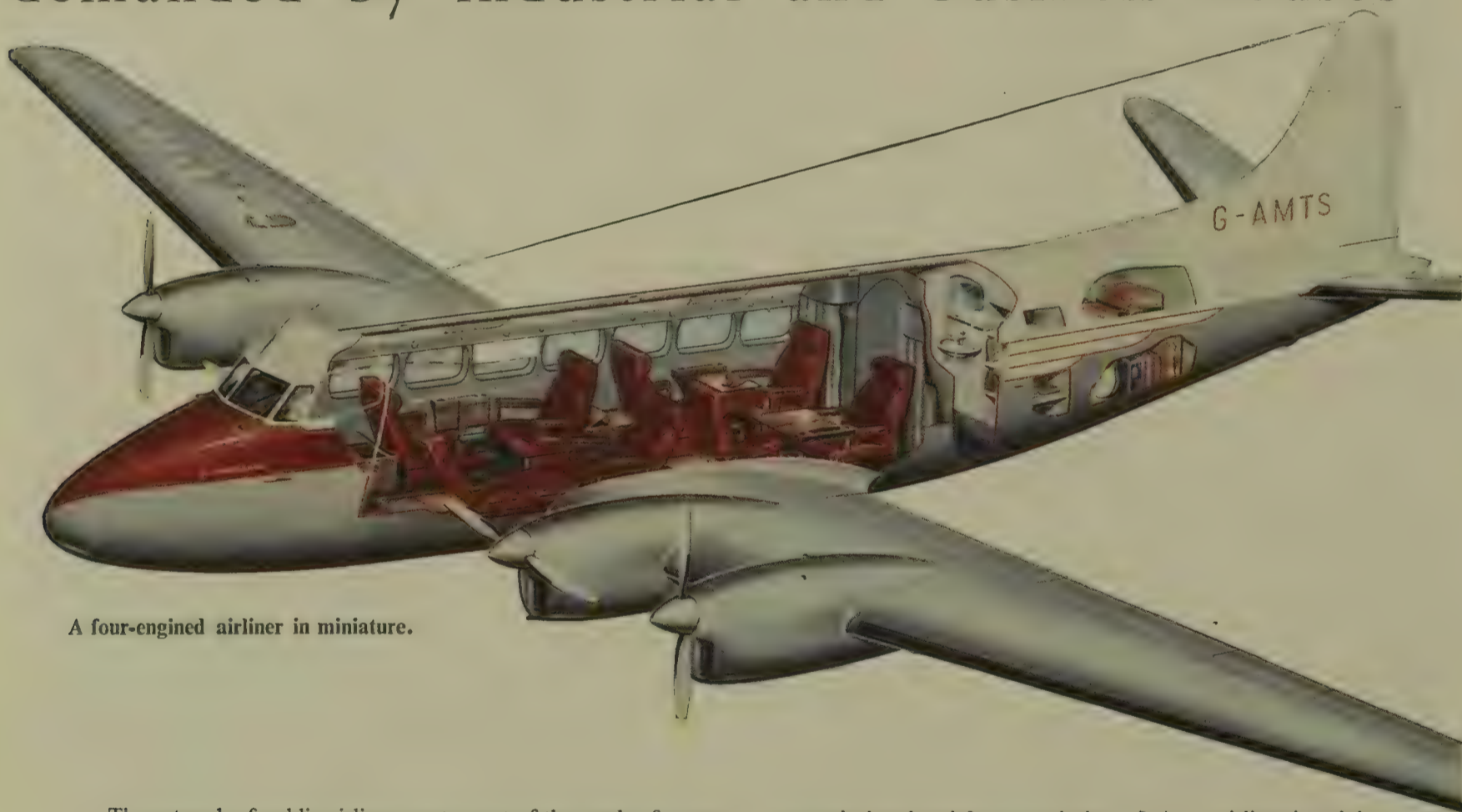
For
executive travel—

The standard executive arrangement of the Heron aircraft seats eight in facing pairs of adjustable armchairs, quickly convertible into softly upholstered couches. There are folding full-width tables between the chairs. There is toilet, wardrobe and luggage accommodation. An alternative arrangement has separate lounge, sleeping and radio compartments.



the de Havilland

HERON has the qualities
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A four-engined airliner in miniature.

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The de Havilland Heron, evolved out of more than three decades of continuous and progressive experience, provides an

economical and satisfactory solution. It is an airliner in miniature, with all the safety features of a straightforward four-engined formula—employing the famous Gipsy Queen 30 engines and de Havilland controllable-pitch propellers—able to carry fully comprehensive radio, easy to fly, capable of using small airfields, robust and reliable, economical in first cost, fuel consumption and engineering maintenance.

Heron are in use as executive aircraft—and as airliners—nearly all over the world, backed by a service organisation second to none.

DE HAVILLAND
of GREAT BRITAIN

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1955.



SEVEN YEARS OLD ON NOVEMBER 14: THE HEIR-APPARENT, H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CORNWALL.

H.R.H. the Duke of Cornwall, the only son of H.M. the Queen and H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, who was born at Buckingham Palace in 1948, celebrated his seventh birthday on November 14. This birthday portrait of the Heir-Apparent was taken in the grounds of Balmoral Castle during the Royal family's holiday there earlier this year. It shows the young Duke wearing a kilt of Balmoral tartan. This tartan was designed by his great-great-grandfather, the Prince Consort, and was in general use in the

Royal household when Queen Victoria visited the Highlands, but it is now reserved for the sole use of the Royal family. The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh kept November 14 free of public engagements and returned on that day, with their two children, to Buckingham Palace from Windsor Castle, where they had been spending the week-end. In the afternoon the Duke of Cornwall was host to a number of his young friends at a birthday party which was held at the Palace.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

EVERY age has its particular brand of hero. The Elizabethans liked superbly-dressed buccaneers; the English early seventeenth century the more quarrelsome and successful kind of lawyer; the late seventeenth century high and learned Anglican divines; the eighteenth century, *par excellence*, lords and squires, with rosy-faced admirals as a good sporting second. The Regency ideal of the perfect Englishman was someone very closely akin to a well-bred horse; the Victorians affected learned *litterateurs* and devout empire-builders; the Edwardians—and particularly their genial and epicurean Monarch—liked nothing so much as a very, very rich and rather exotic financier. Our own model of perfection, I should say—though it is difficult to judge when one is so near—is a benevolent and authoritative “Nosey Parker” well versed in blue books and sociological studies—the kind of man or woman who is most at home in a committee and never so happy as when engaged in applying kindly but unrelenting and uncompromising pressure or restraint on others for their own good. Fifty years ago, when the type, under the inspiration of the Fabians, was beginning to evolve, he or she was seen by the great majority as a slightly comic figure. Indeed, one of the Fabians himself drew a portrait of the genus—it is too close to life to be called a caricature—in one of the classic

passages of English humorous writing, one almost worthy to stand beside Dickens’s account of Mr. Pecksniff falling into the fireplace after the feast at Todgers’! H. G. Wells’s report of Aunt Plessington’s speech in the village hall in “Marriage” is not only funny; it is prophetic. Aunt Plessington, it will be remembered, was “a tall lean woman, with firm features, a high colour and a bright eye, who wore hats to show she despised them and carefully dishevelled hair. Her dress was always good, but extremely old and grubby, and she commanded respect chiefly by her voice. Her voice was the true governing-class voice, a strangulated contralto, abundant and authoritative; it made everything she said clear and important, so that if she said it was a fine morning it was like leaded print in *The Times*, and she had over her large front teeth lips that closed quietly and with a slight effort after her speeches, as if the words she spoke tasted well and left a peaceful, secure sensation in the mouth”*. Her being was consumed by thoughts of getting on and by the championship of a Movement whose objects varied from time to time but which was “always aggressively beneficial towards the lower strata of the community. Among its central ideas was her belief that these lower strata can no more be trusted to eat than they can to drink, and that the licensing monopoly which has made the poor man’s beer thick, lukewarm and discreditable, and so greatly minimized its consumption, should be extended to the solid side of his dietary. She wanted to place considerable restrictions upon the sale of all sorts of meat, upon groceries and the less hygienic and more palatable forms of bread (which do not sufficiently stimulate the coatings of the stomach), to increase the present difficulties in the way of tobacco purchasers, and to put an end to that wanton and deleterious consumption of sweets which has so bad an effect upon the enamel of the teeth of the younger generation . . .” She held the view “that poor people, when they had money, frittered it away, and so she proposed very extensive changes in the Truck Act, which could enable employers, under suitable safeguards, and with the advice of a small body of spinster inspectors, to supply hygienic housing, approved clothing of a moral and wholesome sort, various forms of insurance, edifying rations, cuisine, medical aid and educational facilities as circumstances seemed to justify, in lieu of the wages the employees handled so ill. As no people in England will ever admit they belong to the lower strata of society, Aunt Plessington’s Movement attracted adherents from every class in the community.”

To-day Aunt Plessington and her male counterpart—in Parliament, in local government, in the Social Services, in Broadcasting House, above all,

in our omniscient and benevolent Civil Service—have been our absolute rulers for nearly two decades and, notwithstanding a few minor reverses like Crichton Down, look like being our rulers for at least a decade more. Indeed, many people suppose that she and her kind will be our rulers for ever, though there, knowing a little about the rapidity, in the broad scale of history, with which political and social fashions change, I find myself among the doubters. The objects she and her type are seeking have changed greatly since Aunt Plessington made her famous speech in the village hall in the happy, plutocratic days of good King Edward, but the means by which they are sought still remain much the same. Every week, almost every day, a batch of new statutes and regulations appears, almost unnoticed except by their victims, to authorise some fresh trespass in the name of the public good or of private liberty. All of them, like Aunt Plessington’s “Movement” of half a century ago, are “aggressively beneficial towards the lower strata of the community”—that is, of the strata least able in the conditions of to-day to withstand the incessant pressure of numbers and authority—gipsies and old ladies with small independent means, retired majors and governesses, and isolated individualists of every kind, among whom I suppose, scribblers like the present writer can be numbered. One of the many new exercises proposed of well-meaning interference with private liberty, I see, is that a man shall not be allowed to have an open fire in his own home to warm himself by, but shall be compelled to provide himself with an electric, gas or some other kind of automatic heating contrivance—a most profitable restriction, incidentally, for those who make these devices. Another is that he shall be forced to buy a new car every so often or do without one altogether, and that, regardless of the extent to which he uses his car or needs it or his means, he shall conform to a rule which, though admirably suited to those in affluent circumstances, must impose a very real hardship and restriction of liberty on humbler drivers. Of course, there are admirable public reasons for proposing such restrictions; there always are. But the interference with the sentient individual never so much as seems to be considered by the public-spirited sponsors of these measures. Nor do they sufficiently reflect that there are other reasons for the evils which their restrictions are proposed to end besides than the liberties they restrain. For instance, the accidents that occur with such frequency on the public highways are quite as much due to the rich being able to afford new fast cars as to the poor only being able to afford old and rickety ones.

A PROTEST BY BRITISH LIMBLESS EX-SERVICEMEN.



PASSING THE POPPY-FRAMED NOTICE “WE WILL REMEMBER THEM” ON THEIR WAY TO A MEETING AT CHURCH HOUSE, WESTMINSTER: A PROCESSION OF LIMBLESS EX-SERVICEMEN WHOSE PENSION IS BASED UPON AN OBSOLETE SCALE.

More than 200 members of the British Limbless Ex-Servicemen’s Association walked to the Cenotaph on November 8, where their President, Mr. C. R. Stephens, laid a poppy wreath. They then walked in procession to Church House, Westminster, to hold a meeting at which they expressed dissatisfaction over the failure of the Government to raise the pensions of the disabled in the 1914-18 war. The assessments for loss of limbs for the 1914-18 war are based upon a scale fixed in 1919. Thus, for a total disablement, the 1919 pension was 40s. This was raised to 67s. 6d. in 1955, but such a figure fails to take into consideration the fact that with advancing age the loss of one or more limbs handicaps these men with increasing severity in their daily lives and, in many cases, curtails their working span. The Church House rally was followed by a meeting at the House of Commons, attended by many Members of Parliament, who agreed to put the ex-Servicemen’s case to Mr. Butler, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Mr. Peake, Minister of Pensions, at the earliest opportunity. On their way to Church House, the limbless ex-Servicemen passed the Empire Field of Remembrance outside St. Margaret’s Church, where a poppy-framed notice read: “We will remember them.” Seldom can men who gave so much to their country have been so quickly forgotten.

affairs, at least when he pries into those of others and makes the multitude party to his prying. The greatest Nosey Parker of our age of all, and by far the most popular—for his greatness and power are created by the direct suffrages and daily pennies of the people—is the *Tabloid Press*. Its passion for prying into private lives and its vehement and magisterial insistence on its absolute right to do so far surpasses that of even the most inquisitorial of Civil Servants and of even the most pompous and complacent Minister of the Crown. The recent inquisition, hour by hour and even minute by minute—as cruel and unchivalrous, however well-intentioned, as it was unmannerly—into the private life of a young and hapless Princess must have created a new all-time record for Nosey-Parker arrogance. Not even the most intolerant of Spain’s Grand Inquisitors, not even Big Brother himself in the People’s Republics beyond the Iron Curtain, ever showed more lack of respect for what an eighteenth-century letter-writer called “the sweet majesty of private life.” For privacy and liberty are alike things abhorrent to the modern ruling mind and to the mass-mind which the latter helps to foster. All private barriers must go down before it, and the more we are together and pried upon, it seems, the happier we shall be.

* “Marriage,” by H. G. Wells. Macmillan (1912), pp. 75-78.



TAKING ABOARD STORES AND SPECIAL EQUIPMENT FOR THE COMMONWEALTH TRANS-ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION: THE M.V. *THERON* AT MILLWALL DOCKS BEFORE THE START OF HER TWO-YEAR JOURNEY INTO THE FROZEN SEAS OF THE SOUTH.

The Canadian seal-catcher *Theron* (849 tons) left Millwall Docks on November 14 for her long voyage to the Antarctic, where she will serve as base ship for the Commonwealth Trans-Antarctic Expedition. She carried seventeen of the advance party, stores for two years, two *Auster* aircraft, tracked vehicles for land transport and twenty-four huskies and their sledges for use in the event of the mechanical

vehicles breaking down. The dogs, which were brought from Greenland, have been in quarantine in this country since their arrival. Lashed to the deck of the *Theron* was the six-ton "Snocat" vehicle which necessitated last-minute modifications after its special anti-freeze mixture froze during low-temperature tests. The ship is expected to encounter the Antarctic ice in early January.

AT HOME AND ABROAD: THE ROVING CAMERA RECORDS SOME ROYAL AND OFFICIAL OCCASIONS IN THE NEWS.



IN PHILADELPHIA: ADMIRAL LORD MOUNTBATTEN (LEFT) LOOKING AT A GUIDED-MISSILE LAUNCHER ABOARD U.S.S. *BOSTON*. On October 27 Admiral Lord Mountbatten, the First Sea Lord, arrived in Washington for a tour of U.S. naval installations and talks with American defence officials. This photograph shows him aboard the world's first guided-missile ship, the U.S.S. *Boston*, during his inspection tour of the U.S. Naval Base in Philadelphia on November 5.



AT THE LORD ROBERTS MEMORIAL WORKSHOPS: THE DUCHESS OF KENT WATCHING AN EX-SERVICEMAN PAINTING BELLOWS. On November 10 the Duchess of Kent, accompanied by Princess Alexandra, visited the War Disabled Ex-Servicemen's Exhibition, held in the Lord Roberts' Memorial Workshops in Brompton Road, London. Our photograph shows her Royal Highness watching an ex-sergeant of the Leicester Regiment, who was wounded on the Somme, painting some bellows.



WELCOMED BY HER MOTHER AND HER DAUGHTERS: QUEEN JULIANA RETURNING HOME FROM SURINAM, WITH THE PRINCE OF THE NETHERLANDS (LEFT), KISSING PRINCESS MARGRIET. Queen Juliana and the Prince of the Netherlands returned to Holland on November 8 after their tour of the Dutch Antilles and Surinam. They were welcomed at Schipol airport by Queen Juliana's mother, the Princess of the Netherlands, and their four daughters. Our photograph shows (l. to r.) the Prince of the Netherlands; Princess Marijke; Princess Beatrix; Princess Irene; Princess Margriet (being kissed by Queen Juliana), and the Princess of the Netherlands (formerly Queen Wilhelmina), who abdicated in favour of her daughter in 1948.

(RIGHT.) WEARING A PROTECTIVE ANTARCTIC-TYPE COAT: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ABOUT TO GO INTO A HIGH-ALTITUDE CHAMBER AT A. V. ROE'S AIRCRAFT FACTORY.

On November 8 the Duke of Edinburgh visited the factory of Messrs. A. V. Roe and Company Ltd., at Chadderton, near Oldham, Lancashire. Wearing protective Antarctic-type clothing the Duke went into a high-altitude chamber where the temperature was minus 60 deg. centigrade. Inside he saw a structural specimen of the Avro *Vulcan*, the world's first delta-winged bomber, installed for tests. After touring the works the Duke subsequently visited the aerodrome and the research establishment at Woodford.



INSPECTING OLD COMRADES: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT THE COMMEMORATION PARADE OF THE WILTSHIRE REGIMENT. On November 11 the Duke of Edinburgh took the salute at the Ferozeshah Parade of the 1st Battalion, The Wiltshire Regiment (Duke of Edinburgh's) at Warminster. At the Battle of Ferozeshah, 110 years ago, the regiment—then the 62nd Foot—lost eighteen of its twenty-three officers and the sergeants took over command.



AT THE Y.M.C.A. INDIAN STUDENTS' UNION AND HOSTEL: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH BEING WELCOMED. When the Duke of Edinburgh visited the Y.M.C.A. Indian Students' Union and Hostel at 41, Fitzroy Square, London, on November 10, he was welcomed by Miss Purabi Sen, of Bengal, a twenty-one-year-old member of the Students' Council, who presented him with a ceremonial garland.



WAITING TO WELCOME QUEEN JULIANA AND PRINCE BERNHARD: (L. TO R.) THE PRINCESS OF THE NETHERLANDS WITH PRINCESS MARIJKE; PRINCESS BEATRIX; PRINCESS IRENE AND PRINCESS MARGRIET.

ROYAL OCCASIONS: ENGAGEMENTS FULFILLED BY THE QUEEN AND MEMBERS OF HER FAMILY.



OPENED BY THE DUCHESS OF KENT ON NOVEMBER 8: THE NEW BUILDINGS OF THE NORTH-WEST KENT COLLEGE OF TECHNOLOGY, AT DARTFORD.
On the afternoon of November 8 the Duchess of Kent visited Dartford, in Kent, where she opened the North-West Kent College of Technology. The College consists of a four-storey building which has cost £250,000. Still to be built are a link block, mechanical engineering laboratories and workshops which are expected to cost £150,000, excluding the cost of equipment. It is hoped that the work will be completed in 1957.



AFTER OPENING THE NORTH-WEST KENT COLLEGE OF TECHNOLOGY: THE DUCHESS OF KENT WATCHING CHEMISTRY STUDENTS WORKING IN A LABORATORY. THE COLLEGE HAS 2500 STUDENTS ATTENDING FULL-TIME AND PART-TIME CLASSES.



AT THE LORD ROBERTS MEMORIAL WORKSHOPS: THE QUEEN MOTHER WITH PRINCESS MARGARET, WHO IS SMELLING ONE OF THE FRAGRANT CEDAR-WOOD PAPER KNIVES.
On November 9 Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret visited the exhibition and sale of work of goods made by War Disabled Ex-Servicemen at the Lord Roberts Memorial Workshops in Brompton Road, London. The Royal visitors bought something at nearly every stall.



AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE ROYAL NATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR THE BLIND: THE QUEEN WATCHING A BLIND GIRL PLAYING THE PIANO FROM BRAILLE MUSIC.
On November 9 the Queen spent over two hours at the headquarters of the Royal National Institute for the Blind, in Great Portland Street, London, and watched blind people training in various activities. The Queen watched a blind pupil from the Chorleywood College for Girls playing the piano from Braille music.



DURING HER VISIT TO THE ROYAL LONDON HOMŒOPATHIC HOSPITAL: THE QUEEN PAUSING DURING HER TOUR OF THE WARDS TO TALK TO A PATIENT.

On November 10 the Queen visited the Royal London Homœopathic Hospital, of which she is patron. The hospital is celebrating the 200th anniversary of the birth of Samuel Hahnemann, the founder of homœopathy. As well as inspecting the wards the Queen visited Sir John Weir, one of the hospital's honorary consulting physicians, and physician to members of the Royal family for thirty-five years, who slipped and cracked four ribs while at the hospital making arrangements three days before the Queen's visit. Her Majesty was shown round the hospital by Major A. G. Clifton Brown.



AT THE ROYAL LONDON HOMŒOPATHIC HOSPITAL: THE QUEEN ADMIRING HER BOUQUET OF PLANTS FROM WHICH DRUGS ARE EXTRACTED.

DEMONSTRATIONS, FIRES AND FOAM, AND THE INQUISITIVE POLAR BEAR.



DEMONSTRATING THEIR SUPPORT OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC ARCHBISHOP OF MALTA (WHO CAN JUST BE SEEN IN THE CENTRE): AN ENTHUSIASTIC CROWD NEAR THE CATHEDRAL. On November 1, an enthusiastic Maltese crowd testified their support of Monsignor Gonzi, the Archbishop, after an All Saints Day service at the Cathedral. Some of their banners carried the slogan "Down with Bevan," since Mr. Bevan was believed to have made insulting remarks about the Archbishop.



A RIOT IN A NAPLES FOOTBALL STADIUM DURING WHICH SHOTS WERE FIRED, A YOUTH CRITICALLY WOUNDED AND ABOUT 140 PEOPLE, INCLUDING 58 POLICE, WERE INJURED. On November 6, at the Vomero Stadium, Naples, during the closing minutes of a match between Naples and Bologna, with Naples leading 3-2, the referee awarded a free kick to Bologna, who equalised. During the riot which followed, the police fired shots and used tear gas on a crowd which cried "Kill the referee!"



CURIOSITY CONQUERS FEAR—ON BOTH SIDES: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY AN AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER SHOWING A POLAR BEAR INVESTIGATING THE U.S. NAVAL SUPPLY SHIP *LINDENWALD*—ON A RESUPPLY MISSION TO AN AMERICAN BASE IN THE FAR NORTH—AND THE CREW OF *LINDENWALD* REPAYING THE COMPLIMENT.



PUTTING OUT AN UNDERGROUND FIRE WITH A "PLUG" OF FOAM. SPRAYING THE SOLUTION THROUGH A NETTED FRAME TO FORM THE MASS OF BUBBLES. It was recently published in "Safety in Mines Research" that a novel and promising method of stopping the spread of roadway fires underground consisted of forming a "plug" of bubbles which filled the road and could be blown forward towards the seat of the fire. Our photograph shows the method.



THE SECOND OF TWO GREAT FIRES WHICH BROKE OUT IN EDINBURGH IN A SINGLE NIGHT: FIREMEN PLAYING HOSES FROM EXTENSION LADDERS INTO C. AND A. MODES, PRINCES STREET. THE SHOP WAS GUTTED IN ABOUT FOUR HOURS.



BLAZING IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT: A GROUP OF EDINBURGH SHOE AND LEATHER "WAREHOUSES, OF WHICH THE FRONT WALL LATER COLLAPSED IN THE STREET. In the early hours of November 9 fire broke out in shoe and leather warehouses in Jeffrey Street, Edinburgh, and while the fire services were still fighting this blaze, fire was discovered in the big store of C. and A. Modes in Princes Street, not far away. This was Edinburgh's biggest fire risk since 1824 and although both buildings were gutted there were no casualties and the fires did not spread.



PEEPING OUT AT THE WORLD BUT KEEPING A HAND ON MOTHER FOR SAFETY: "BENAUDI," OR "BABY BEN," THE FIRST MALE CHIMPANZEE EVER TO BE BRED AT THE LONDON ZOO.

Benaudi, the baby chimpanzee born to *Abena* at the London Zoo on August 4 this year, was seen for the first time by the public when he was only five days old and immediately became one of the Zoo's greatest attractions, although special precautions had to be taken to prevent visitors from feeding *Abena* with unsuitable food. A large number of people are watching the baby chimpanzee's progress with special interest because he is the first male chimpanzee ever to be born at the London Zoo. At present *Benaudi*, who is also known as *Baby Ben*, is starting

to learn to walk and can just manage a few tottering steps while holding on to his mother's hand. His father, *Daudi*, died some months before *Benaudi* was born. The chimpanzee infant is almost as helpless as a human baby, but as he grows older he starts exhibiting a tremendous variety of "play" behaviour. When he has learnt to walk he soon invents endless acrobatic games, somersaults, and so on. He examines strange objects in minutest detail and tears them apart down to the smallest possible fragments.

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

LOUIS AUGUSTE, DUC DU MAINE (1670-1736).
Illustrations reproduced by permission from the originals in the
Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris.

Mr. W. H. Lewis was born in Belfast in 1895 and is a brother of Dr. C. S. Lewis. He was educated at Malvern and passed into the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, in 1913 and was commissioned in 1914. He retired from the Army in 1932. Mr. Lewis has made a particular study of seventeenth-century France and he is the author of "The Splendid Century," which was published in 1953.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page xvii of this issue.

Mr. Lewis, in the most judicial manner possible, has produced all the evidence available to him. I, as a member of the jury to which he appeals, feel that he has made his case for the unfortunate Duke, who wasn't responsible for his illegitimate birth, his crippled leg,



LOUISE DE BOURBON, DUCHESSE DU MAINE
BORN IN 1676, SHE MARRIED THE DUC DU
MAINE IN 1692, AND DIED IN 1753.

* "The Sunset of the Splendid Century: The Life and Times of Louis Auguste de Bourbon, Duc du Maine, 1670-1736." By W. H. Lewis. Illustrated. (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 3os.)



AT THE LORD MAYOR'S BANQUET IN GUILDHALL: THE PRIME MINISTER, SIR ANTHONY EDEN, SPEAKING. AT HIS RIGHT, THE NEW LORD MAYOR, ALDERMAN C. ACKROYD.



DRAWN BY SIX BREWERY HORSES AND ESCORTED BY PIKEMEN OF THE H.A.C., THE GILDED COACH CARRIES THE LORD MAYOR (AND THE MACE) OVER LUDGATE CIRCUS.

LORD MAYOR'S DAY IN LONDON: THE GUILDHALL BANQUET, AND THE SHOW.

Lord Mayor's Day (November 9)—the beginning of winter for Londoners—was warm but intermittently wet; and the theme of the Lord Mayor's Show (perhaps the best since the war) being wool, it had an appropriateness additional to its associations with the new Lord Mayor. Alderman Ackroyd, a Mercer, is a London wool merchant and comes from a Yorkshire family associated with the wool trade in the West Riding, Witney and London for 200 years. Behind the parade of the Services and the military bands came eleven floats—the leading one carrying a 10-ft.-high effigy of a Merino ram—showing various aspects, historical and economic, of

the wool trade, including Dick Whittington and his cat, King Charles II., Queen Anne, Nell Gwyn, spinners and weavers, soldiers of many ages in wool uniforms, and models in wool sweaters. In the evening of the same day came the Lord Mayor's Banquet at Guildhall, the occasion when the Prime Minister, responding to the toast of the Government, makes his traditional survey of world affairs. This was the first occasion on which Sir Anthony Eden has spoken at Guildhall as Prime Minister; and he took the opportunity to review the situation in the world, especially as regards the reunification of Germany and the present tension in the Near East.

THE OXFORD TRAFFIC PROBLEM— SOME NEW PROPOSALS BY THE CITY COUNCIL.

ON October 13 Mr. Duncan Sandys, Minister of Housing and Local Government, visited Oxford for a series of informal discussions with the City Council, local bodies and the University, on the difficult question of Oxford's traffic problem. On April 1 Mr. Sandys, in a letter to the City Council, had expressed his general agreement with the Oxford Development Plan, but stressed the need for further consideration of the traffic problem in the University area, "notably along the High." From then on there has been continuous discussion and controversy in Oxford and elsewhere as how best to approach a solution to the problem—controversy which has become particularly heated in University circles. On August 26 the Minister gave his formal approval to the Oxford Development Plan, which had been adopted by the City Council in 1953. He made no further mention of the traffic problem, but with the beginning of the new Academic Year (in October) the dispute among the various interested bodies rose to new heights. When Mr. Sandys again visited Oxford a number of possible schemes were discussed

[Continued below.]



TWO NEW RELIEF ROAD SCHEMES HAVE RECENTLY BEEN PROPOSED BY THE OXFORD CITY COUNCIL IN A FURTHER EFFORT TO SOLVE OXFORD'S TRAFFIC PROBLEMS: AN AERIAL VIEW SHOWING THAT PART OF OXFORD THROUGH WHICH THE PROPOSED NORTH RELIEF ROAD WILL RUN. THE "LAMB AND FLAG" IS SEEN AT THE EXTREME BOTTOM RIGHT, WITH MUSEUM STREET RUNNING UP BEHIND IT.



A GENERAL AERIAL VIEW OF THE CENTRE OF OXFORD: THE UNIVERSITY AREA IS AT PRESENT ALL TOO OFTEN BLOCKED UP WITH HEAVY STREAMS OF TRAFFIC. THIS APPLIES PARTICULARLY TO THE HIGH STREET, WHICH RUNS FROM MAGDALEN COLLEGE (TOP RIGHT) TO CARFAX (JUST OFF PICTURE, CENTRE LEFT.)

[Continued.]

with him, but the situation was complicated by the fact that the University itself could not come to a decision which would be acceptable to all concerned. After the Minister's informal inquiry there was a short lull. Then on October 31 the

General Purposes Committee of Oxford City Council heard the report of its representatives in the discussions with the Minister. The Council's original proposals for relief roads running through Christ Church Meadow and across the southern

[Continued opposite.]



SHOWING THE GENERAL LINES OF THE RELIEF ROAD SCHEMES RECENTLY PROPOSED BY THE CITY COUNCIL: AN AERIAL-SURVEY MOSAIC OF THE CITY OF OXFORD.

Continued.
part of the University Parks—which had both caused strong opposition in the University—were abandoned. The Committee approved of two new proposals, which are illustrated in the aerial mosaic of Oxford reproduced above. The Northern Relief Road which they recommended should run from St. Giles' through the "Lamb and Flag" public house, and three adjacent buildings to the north, into South Parks Road. The road would then pass east of Rhodes House, across the cricket grounds of Merton and New Colleges, and continue in a south-easterly direction to pass north of St. Clement's Church to join with Marston Road. It would then run eastwards to join Headington Hill south of the lodge, which is almost at its foot. The Southern Relief Road would run from the Abingdon Road, which is to be widened to provide a dual carriageway, in an easterly direction north of Eastwyke Farm, crossing the Isis south of the University Boat House, to continue along Jackdaw Lane to Iffley Road. The two new roads

would probably be linked, so as to tap all three streams of traffic which are at present canalised over Magdalen Bridge. Several alternative schemes for doing this (also marked above) have yet to be considered. When these roads are built it is proposed that the greater number of the buses at present using High Street should be diverted to them and that Magdalen Bridge should be closed to all other heavy traffic. These schemes were passed in their entirety, though not by a very large majority, by the Oxford City Council on November 7. The University has not yet expressed an opinion about the new proposals, but Congregation is to discuss the Council's scheme, which has also still to be submitted to the Ministry of Housing and Local Government, on November 29. But a resolution submitted by private members of Congregation will oppose any decision to construct inner relief roads before the effects of the outer by-passes have been observed, and other features of the Oxford Development Plan have been carried out.

WRITING some time ago on the fighting between troops of Egypt and Israel in the Gaza Strip, I made some comments on the life of the Arab refugees in that territory. Their lot must appear to themselves unkind even than that of the majority of the dispossessed, because in no other region where these are quartered is the prospect of employment so blank. This territory in Egyptian hands is some twenty-five miles long from its base on the frontier and from three to five miles wide, with its north-western flank following the coast. Gaza itself, though without a harbour, was once a port of some value. It warehoused and exported the grain from the relatively fertile country inland, notably barley, which at one time was prized by distillers. Now, cut off from its hinterland, the place is dead. The article referred to was, however, military, and I expressed my intention of returning to the subject of the refugees from Palestine when the next report on relief work on their behalf became available. I have an advance copy now.

I must express gratitude to my Editor for allowing me to bring up the subject so often in recent years, since it is one, not indeed static, but, as a problem, touched so relatively little up to now by the passage of time that it cannot possess much news value. Yet it is also one which people with minds and consciences ought not to forget. To the thoughtful it does not, I hope, lack intrinsic interest. Even as a record of work accomplished—though this has perforce resembled to some extent the progress of the Red Queen: "Here, you see, it takes all the running you can do to keep in the same place"—it is worth considering. The United Nations Relief and Works Agency for Palestine Refugees, U.N.R.W.A. for short, has indeed accomplished a work of mercy and utility. But it is clearer than ever that its main obstacle is political and that this is at the moment insuperable. Now renewed fighting has broken out, to make the situation still darker.

The tasks entrusted to U.N.R.W.A. come under two headings: that of assisting the refugees to become self-supporting, and the temporary business of providing them with subsistence, shelter, and medical care. The first task has, however, begun to take on a dreadful air of permanence, though, of course, there is no such thing as permanence in history. The second task is being accomplished within the limits of the funds at the Agency's disposal, which provide \$27 per person per annum for the relief of nearly 836,000 people. This task is only hampered by political factors, whereas the first is blocked by them. That is to say, all serious progress is completely blocked, though a few schemes, well worth undertaking even if they barely scratch the surface of the problem, are developing or working. That at Jisr el Majami, on the Jordan, just south of the Sea of Galilee, provides homes and land for seventy families (250 refugees), and that at Ramadan, east of Damascus, for fifty families, perhaps to be increased to eighty-five. These are examples of new settlements.

It must be realised to start with that the Arab countries in which the refugees are living contain large areas of desert or semi-desert, and that the more favourable sites are already fully inhabited. Nowhere, broadly speaking, is it possible to settle a single family without some preliminary work and expenditure of money, even though rainfall may provide a large proportion of the water. It follows that any attempt to reduce drastically the number of refugees, that is by tens of thousands, must be a great undertaking. There are two such schemes in view. The first, and the better known, is based on water from the Jordan and its tributary, the Yarmuk, which joins it four miles south of the Sea of Galilee and just below Jisr el Majami, already mentioned, in the kingdom of Jordan. The second, in Egyptian territory in Sinai, is based on Nile water siphoned under the Suez Canal.

The Yarmuk-Jordan scheme would eventually provide for from 100,000 to 150,000 people, and that for Sinai for from 50,000 to 60,000. These schemes might render self-supporting 200,000 in fifteen years. The first of them is, unhappily, stuck on the question of the division and storage of the water, and in the present relations between Jordan and Israel is not likely to go ahead. Other subtler difficulties have to be taken into account. These vast projects involve long-term planning and have the air of a final settlement. This is unwelcome to the Arab States and indeed to a large proportion of the refugees, who still ardently desire repatriation to their lost homes and lands. The two schemes would reduce the total of refugees by one quarter. Beyond that there is not much to hope for except in Iraq, though its long-term possibilities are very large.

The total of registered refugees is just on 906,000. They are unevenly distributed, well over half in

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE PLIGHT OF THE ARAB REFUGEES.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

Jordan and nearly a quarter in the Gaza area. In Jordan there are roughly 500,000 refugees as against a local population of 880,000; about Gaza, fantastically, 214,000 as against a local population of 95,000. The numbers in Lebanon and Syria are relatively small in relation to their populations. I must not plunge deeper into statistics except in the case of children under fifteen, who represent half the total number of the refugees. Over a quarter of a million children, pregnant and nursing mothers, and undernourished persons receive a special milk ration. All children of school age are now receiving elementary education and

THE TROUBLED AREAS OF THE OLD WORLD.



SHOWING THE AREAS OF STRIFE AND DISCONTENT AT PRESENT ENGAGING THE ATTENTION OF WORLD STATESMEN: TWO MAPS, REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE DAILY TELEGRAPH, INCORPORATING SUCH DANGER SPOTS AS CYPRUS, GAZA, BURAIMI AND THE AFGHAN, PAKISTAN AND INDIAN BORDERS.

At the time of writing, no major war occupies the international theatre, but no observer of events in the old world would deduce from this that a state of universal peace prevails. Trouble springs from half-a-dozen sources marked on the above maps. Conflicting aims in Cyprus have antagonised Greece and Turkey; fighting occurs spasmodically between Egypt and Israel in the Gaza Strip, already the tragic scene of a mass migration, referred to by Captain Falls in this week's article, of 200,000 Arabs ejected from Israel during the Palestine war; oil is the promise held out to covetous neighbouring states at Buraimi; and farther east, a dispute between Afghanistan and Pakistan diverts attention momentarily from the recurrent disagreements over borders between the latter country and India.

the number receiving secondary education is to rise to 12.5 per cent. We must applaud the Agency for having steadily raised this percentage, but at the same time we cannot help asking what is to become of all these young scholars if the present situation continues.

The development of secondary education is clearly right because it gives the individual, of a good standard of intelligence the chance to make a career outside the ranks of the refugees, but that chance may not be available to all and those who miss it may be faced by

sadder lives than if they had not been removed from the ruck. Yet, from the little I have seen of the work—at that in Jordan only and not very recently—it is my impression that the greatest success of the Agency has been with the children. One new service is provided by "school health teams" to prevent disease among pupils and where it appears to detect and treat it at the earliest possible moment. The health service as a whole would appear to be well run, but some doubt is expressed in the report whether, on the present diet, the refugees are in a fit state to resist a big epidemic, should such a calamity occur. Climatic conditions naturally vary over the vast area in which the refugees are living, but the climate is not, in general, unhealthy. Within the lifetime of those still young, malaria was a major scourge, but this is happily no longer the case.

I have taken a few facts and figures in an endeavour to give some features of the problem in the space available. All the good features—including a steady improvement in housing, which I can mention only in passing—belong to the Agency's immediate task of looking after the refugees. The other task, that of making them self-supporting, has, through no fault of U.N.R.W.A.'s, become bogged in politics. The resolution of the U.N. General Assembly of December 11, 1948, that refugees should be given the choice between repatriation and compensation, still stands, but it is hopelessly blocked, and with it the prospect of re-establishing them in society. Short of this, it will appear from what has been written that it would be possible, if the political difficulties were removed, to put into operation two major schemes, in the Jordan Valley and Sinai, which would at least make a large and valuable contribution to the long-term task. Again, if the Governments of the area will co-operate, the Agency can develop other useful self-supporting schemes.

Thus the fate of these unfortunates, who are now being added to by a new generation, depends on the political relationship between the Arabs and the outside world and, more especially, between the Arab States and Israel. It cannot be denied that from this point of view the situation has worsened this year as the result of the fighting between Israel and Egypt and of the skilful Russian fishing in the troubled waters of this region. There are refugees in other parts of the world, but none for whom our country bears so much responsibility. Palestine had been entrusted to our keeping, and the mandate for the country involved the fate of its inhabitants. We suddenly threw the responsibility aside because we found it embarrassing. I admit that arguments for our action can be found, though I have always considered it to be one of the major political sins committed by Mr. Bevin; but our hasty refusal to go on carrying the burden which we had been so eager to accept when it paid us to do so left a human pool of misery from which we should not avert our eyes.

Apart from sentiments of humanity, the fate of these Arab refugees merits attention politically. It is a festering sore in a community which has recently shown signs of sickness—and of the excessively high temperatures which go with certain forms of sickness. Repatriation can no longer be regarded as practical. In any case, it is sought by refugees only because they understand by it not merely their return to Palestine but their return to their former possessions. In many cases these have been so transformed by Jewish settlers that they represent something quite different from what the refugees left behind them and would hardly be recognisable to them if they were allowed to return to Palestine. I feel sure that the only hope lies in proceeding with other solutions on the lines laid down in this and other annual reports of U.N.R.W.A.

They are written with discretion, but they show only too clearly that the refugees are not suffering only from British irresponsibility and Israeli harshness in the past; the Arab States themselves have a far from proud record in their treatment of their compatriots to-day. U.N.R.W.A., despite the fact that it is working solely for the welfare of these people, has been in some cases subjected to petty annoyances, sometimes at the instance of judicial courts, sometimes in defiance of them. It may not be fair to say that there has been persistent exploitation of the refugees' plight for political reasons, but this has certainly occurred on occasion. There are more tragic stories in modern history, but in most cases they are complex and their rights and wrongs may be variously interpreted. This is relatively simple. There can be few cases in which these robbed and uprooted exiles have themselves done anything to deserve their present fate, even allowing that some of their self-appointed leaders were foolish or even criminal. The world should not be allowed to forget their hard and unmerited lot.

THE PLIGHT OF THE GAZA REFUGEES: SCENES OF THEIR REHABILITATION WITH THE AID OF U.N.R.W.A.



CONCRETE BUILDINGS AND HAPPY CHILDREN: JABALIA CAMP, ONE OF THE NINE SET UP IN THE GAZA STRIP BY U.N.R.W.A. TO TRANSFORM THE PLIGHT OF OVER 200,000 ARAB REFUGEES WHO FLED FROM ISRAEL.



PLAYING A GAME OF DOMINOES IN A SOCIAL CENTRE AT ONE OF THE CAMPS: YOUNG REFUGEES WHO HAVE BEEN GIVEN NEW HOPE BY THE WORK OF U.N.R.W.A.



COLLECTING THEIR FORTNIGHTLY RATIONS: REFUGEES AT A FOOD DISTRIBUTION CENTRE. NUTRITIONAL FEEDING IS PROVIDED FOR THE MEDICALLY UNFIT.



TAKING HIS MEDICINE WITH A SMILE: A YOUNG REFUGEE AT A CAMP CLINIC, WHERE FROM 150 TO 250 PEOPLE ARE EXAMINED AND TREATED DAILY BY A TRAINED STAFF, WITH LOCAL HELPERS.



EATING A MEAL IN THE COMMUNAL DINING HALL: REFUGEE CHILDREN, THE YOUNGEST RECEIVING HELP FROM THE ELDEST. THE GAZA CHILDREN ARE NOW ADEQUATELY FED.



LEARNING THE PRINCIPLE OF THE HYDRAULIC BRAKE: YOUNG REFUGEES TAKING A CAR MAINTENANCE COURSE AT ONE OF THE VOCATIONAL TRAINING CENTRES.



QUEUEING AT THE FOOD DISTRIBUTION CENTRE. THE TWO GIRLS WEAR DAILY-STRIPED ROBES AND ONE CARRIES HER FOOD CONTAINER IN THE TRADITIONAL WAY.

Following the Palestine War of 1948, more than 200,000 Arabs fled from Israel and took refuge in the Gaza strip, a narrow area of land some twenty-five miles long, administered by Egypt. Flanked on one side by the Mediterranean and consisting of 40 per cent. desert, the Gaza territory already supported precariously some 95,000 inhabitants. The new influx created conditions of terrifying want and misery. These were ameliorated to some degree by means of aid from the International Red Cross, the Egyptian Government and the Quakers; then, in

1950, the United Nations Relief and Works Agency (U.N.R.W.A.) began to tackle the problem with schemes of resettlement, health services, food rationing and clothing. Nine camps were set up, largely of tents, which were gradually replaced by concrete block buildings. Clinics were installed, nutritional feeding for the unfit begun. The plight of the refugees, though still desperate, ceased to be hopeless. As Captain Falls says, in his article on page 868 of this issue: "U.N.R.W.A. has indeed accomplished a work of mercy and utility."



IN this rather raucous age of ours the violet is not a very popular flower, but one man can be said to have modelled his life upon it. Mr. Ernest Cook, grandson of the founder of the tourist agency, died in March of this year at the age of eighty-nine, scarcely known outside a narrow circle of friends and business acquaintances, having successfully concealed from the world in general both the extent and the nature of his public benefactions. These included the foundation of the 1930 Fund for the Benefit of District Nurses, which he started with a gift of £100,000 and later provided with an additional £60,000. It was he who bought the stained glass from the chapel at Ashridge for £28,000 and presented it to the nation. He also purchased the Bath Assembly Rooms and presented them to the city; after they had been reconditioned and furnished and the public were admitted for 6d., so an old friend of his tells me, he walked up with him to the turnstile, saying with a chuckle, "Let me pay." Another friend informs me that they were together at the top of the Haymarket looking south towards the Thos. Cook and Son office facing them. "See that damned dome?" said E. E. C.—the only occasion on which my informant had ever heard him use the mildest of expletives—"one of my mistakes! Years ago I spent several weeks in Vienna and fell in love with all those baroque domes. When I came back they were building that office, so I told them to stick a dome on top; there it is, and it's all wrong."

I am grateful to Mr. John Burrow Hill, of West Wycombe, who dealt with all his estates—about 40,000 acres—over a period of years, for a further glimpse of this exceptionally shy, retiring man. "He loved all beautiful things and hated all that was dirty, untidy or ugly, and above all, he loved the English countryside and the great estates. In his younger days he hunted, fished and shot. In his later years he made many visits to the kennels at Badminton and Berkeley and enjoyed talking to the hunt servants. He could speak several languages fluently. His pictures and works of art were collected gradually and he was always seeking to improve his collection. He would happily sit in his room where hung 'The Willow Tree,' by John Crome, and 'The Thames at Twickenham,' by Richard Wilson, perhaps his favourite pictures, and on the mantelpiece stood three or four little figures of horses or hounds worth perhaps sixpence each. The only photograph of him was a snapshot taken by the photographer who came to photograph his pictures. I do not think he would like it published."

Death, as was inevitable, brought him a little of the publicity he so greatly, perhaps morbidly, detested during his lifetime, for wills are public property, and we all woke up one morning to read that someone named Cook had left an estate of nearly £900,000, much of it to the National Trust, and the pictures and works of art, valued at about £300,000, to the National Art-Collections Fund, for allotment to public galleries, libraries and museums in England. The pictures number about 150, mainly Dutch and English, and have now been distributed.

It appears that he first began to take an interest in paintings at the time of the Holford sale at

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. NOTABLE GIFT TO THE NATION.

By FRANK DAVIS.

Christie's; that would be in 1926, if my memory is not at fault. At that sale he left instructions with his agents to buy several lots at a total cost of £90,000—and failed to obtain a single one, but that experience seems to have made him all the more determined to acquire the best as they came on the market. Only occasionally did he stray beyond England and the Netherlands, as, for instance, when he bought a superb landscape by Claude, "The Ponte Molle," from the Ashburnham sale, and again with his purchase of a charming Crespi, "Girl With a Bird in

(so called, though the willow is inconspicuous) is to be seen at Nottingham.

This picture is one of the few English landscapes of importance to come home again from across the Atlantic. I remember seeing it on its return (I imagine early in the 1930's) when the late P. M. Turner met me in the street, said he had just returned from New York with a marvellous English landscape rescued from foreign parts, and dragged me upstairs to confront me with this splendid Crome. After that I'm told it went to a Norwich collection and was acquired by Mr. Cook a year or so before the last war. Rather oddly, at the beginning he regretted his purchase—he failed to appreciate Crome's subtleties and the picture bored him, but instead of sending it back, which a less humble man would have done, he sat in front of it daily for three months and allowed Crome to speak to him instead of telling Crome how he ought to have painted. At the end of that time he called on his agents, said he had now learnt what a fine picture it was, and thanked them for having urged him to buy it.

A long list of pictures would be out of place here, but—apart from the outstanding paintings mentioned above—some notion of the range and quality of the collection is to be found from the following: three landscapes by Jacob Van Ruisdael, two by Constable, two by Crome, three by Gainsborough (plus twelve painted on glass, which have gone to the Victoria and Albert Museum), one by J. M. W. Turner—the fine "Macon, 1803, Festival of the Vintage," which has been given to the Graves Art Gallery, Sheffield. Of the portraits, an imposing Zoffany, "The Bradshaw Family," is to be seen in the National Gallery; Sir Joshua's "Mr. and Mrs. Brady and Their Son," a monument of eueptic opulence, at the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge; "Mrs. Robinson as Perdita," at Newcastle-upon-Tyne; "Captain Edgumbe," at Exeter. Two Gainsboroughs go to Bath and Oxford respectively, a Romney to Kendal, and portraits by Raeburn to Bath, Birkenhead and Bradford.

There is a good deal of furniture, carpets and porcelain, from which Hastings receives a nice selection of Chinese blue and white. Birmingham, in addition to the paintings already mentioned, the Claude and the Crespi, has also acquired a tranquil "Music Lesson," by J. Ochterveldt, and numerous pieces of furniture which are

destined for Aston Hall, the fine house which is gradually being furnished in a suitable manner with the aid of gifts by Birmingham business firms. By the terms of the will, the collection was bequeathed to the National Art-Collections Fund and its disposal was left to the sole discretion of the Committee. It is perhaps yet another indication of the retiring character of the testator that he expressed no wish that it should be kept together as a whole under his name, but rather that it should be dispersed as widely as possible. Members of the Fund were given the opportunity of seeing the collection at his house at Sion Hill Place, Bath, soon after the publication of the contents of the will, and since then the Committee has been involved in the formidable task of sorting and allocation.

Perhaps I may be allowed to express one regret, and that of no consequence and purely personal—that

it was not found possible (or perhaps considered not desirable) to keep the collection together for a month or two and show it in some London gallery before its various items were finally scattered up and down the country.



"THE MUSIC LESSON"; BY J. OCHTERVELDT. THIS IS ONE OF THE COLLECTION BEQUEATHED BY THE LATE MR. ERNEST E. COOK TO THE NATIONAL ART-COLLECTIONS FUND, AND PRESENTED BY THEM TO THE BIRMINGHAM ART GALLERY. (Canvas; 38½ by 30½ ins.)



"A LANDSCAPE NEAR ROME, WITH A VIEW OF THE PONTE MOLLE"; BY CLAUDE LORRAIN (1600-1682). THIS IMPRESSIVE PAINTING WAS IN THE ASHBURNHAM COLLECTION, AND WAS BOUGHT BY MR. COOK AT SOTHEBY'S IN 1953, WHEN HE PAID THE HIGHEST PRICE THEN EVER PAID FOR A CLAUDE AT AUCTION (£13,000). IT HAS ALSO BEEN PRESENTED TO THE BIRMINGHAM ART GALLERY. (Canvas; 29 by 38 ins.)

Her Hand," both of which have gone to the City Museum and Art Gallery, Birmingham. Of his two favourites, the Richard Wilson is now at the Norwich Gallery, together with a Crome, a Vincent, a Hobbema and a Van de Velde, while the Crome "Willow Tree"

A NOTABLE GIFT TO THE NATION: SOME COOK BEQUEST PICTURES.



"THE THAMES AT TWICKENHAM"; BY RICHARD WILSON. THIS WAS ONE OF THE FAVOURITE PAINTINGS OF THE LATE ERNEST E. COOK, WHO BEQUEATHED HIS VALUABLE COLLECTION TO THE NATIONAL ART-COLLECTIONS FUND. (Canvas; 23½ by 36 ins.) (Castle Museum, Norwich.)



"SHIPPING SCENE"; BY W. VAN DE VELDE THE YOUNGER. THIS PAINTING WAS ALSO ALLOCATED TO THE CASTLE MUSEUM AT NORWICH BY THE NATIONAL ART-COLLECTIONS FUND. (Panel; 9½ by 11½ ins.) (Castle Museum, Norwich.)



"GIRL WITH A BIRD IN HER HAND"; BY G. CRESPI. (Canvas; 24½ by 19½ ins.) (City Art Gallery, Birmingham.)



"MR. AND MRS. BRADYLL AND THEIR SON"; BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS. (Canvas; 93½ by 58 ins.) (By Courtesy of the Syndics of the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge.)



"GIRL WITH A MACAW"; BY G. B. TIEPOLO, IS, ONE OF FOUR PAINTINGS GIVEN TO THE ASHMOLEAN MUSEUM. (Canvas; 27 by 20½ ins.) (Ashmolean Museum, Oxford.)



ORIGINALLY, BUT ERRONEOUSLY, CALLED "THE WILLOW TREE," THIS PAINTING BY JOHN CROME IS NOW KNOWN AS "TREES BY A BROOK." (Canvas; 51 by 41 ins.) (City Museum and Art Gallery, Nottingham.)



"THE BRADSHAW FAMILY"; BY J. ZOFFANY. THIS IMPORTANT PAINTING FROM THE COOK COLLECTION HAS BEEN GIVEN TO THE NATIONAL GALLERY. ZOFFANY CAME TO ENGLAND IN 1758, WHEN HE WAS TWENTY-FOUR. (Canvas; 52 by 68½ ins.) (The National Gallery.)

Mr. Ernest E. Cook, who died in March of this year, started collecting pictures some thirty years ago, when he was already approaching sixty. In his will he left his collection—which included furniture, ceramics, tapestries and other works of art as well as over 150 paintings, water-colours, prints and drawings—to the National Art-Collections Fund for distribution among public museums and galleries in England. This is probably the biggest bequest of this sort ever

handled by the National Art-Collections Fund, which was founded in 1903 and has done much to enrich our museums and galleries, nearly a hundred of which have benefited from the bequest. The pictures reproduced above represent only a very small selection of the whole collection, which included many other important paintings. Mr. Frank Davis writes in more detail about Mr. Cook and his collection in this week's "A Page For Collectors."



THE HARVEST OF THE SEA: A FISHING BOAT, RETURNING TO PORT ON THE YORKSHIRE COAST AFTER A NIGHT'S WORK, IS WELCOMED BY A HOST OF HUNGRY GULLS.

The men "who go down to the sea in ships" to make their living from the waters are accustomed to labouring night and day in fair weather or foul to bring in their harvest. But frequently the fisherman's lot—like the policeman's—is not a happy one, "gales can prevent him putting to sea, in bad weather he frequently suffers serious damage to his nets and other gear, and even when conditions appear to be at their most favourable, catches can be heart-breakingly small. At the time of

writing, reports from the east coast about this season's herring catch describe it as the worst within living memory. In an article from a correspondent published in *The Times* on November 8, the conditions at Yarmouth and Lowestoft were described. It was stated that at Yarmouth, up to November 5, "only 41,000 crans had been landed for the season, compared with 125,000 to the same date a year ago. The first-hand value of the catch already shows a deficit of £232,000 on last year."

At Lowestoft, over the week-end November 5-7, "a score of Scottish drifters folded up their nets and ended the season." At Yarmouth many of the Scottish fisher-girls were planning to return home owing to the shortage of work, and some were saying that they might not return in future seasons, as they thought they could find more profitable work locally in Scotland. For many years Great Britain has done a large export trade in herrings, and it is particularly regrettable that this

season's results should have so far proved disastrously low, as earlier in the year the Herring Industry Board signed a contract for the sale of 135,000 barrels of cured herring to Russia. While there was depression in East Anglia about the lack of herrings a surfeit of white fish was reported from Hull where, on November 7, about 40,000 stones of fish landed there in a 210,000-stones catch, could not be sold because the market was glutted. The greater part of the catch was cod.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

NERINES AND CHINCHERINCHEES.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

batch had single blossoms open when gathered. All the rest were still in green bud. Yet now, at the time of writing, a week later, the spikes are steadily

developing, each with from two or three to four or five fully expanded blossoms, and dozens more to come. Were ever such accommodating cut flowers?

In addition to the open-ground chincherinchees, I planted some bulbs of both species in 5-in. pots. The *O. lacteum* have done no good at all, but the *O. thyrsoides* have proved satisfactory, and I believe that this may be the best way for many amateurs to grow them. Planted in June or July, and kept in the open air until they begin to push up flower-spikes in September or October, they should make excellent room plants for winter decoration, and with careful after-treatment they might well be grown on from year to year.

It seems likely that the industry of shipping chincherinchees to this country from the Cape, in bud, is likely to continue and to increase, for in addition to the direct charm of these flowers, there is the added attraction and novelty of having cut flowers which will go on developing and opening in an ordinary living-room for several months on end, and those months the darkest of all the year. I feel very sure, too, that as more and more bulbs of *Ornithogalum thyrsoides* become available, they will take their place as popular members of the host of other bulbs—hyacinths, crocus, narcissus and the rest which folk grow each year in their rooms and—if they are fortunate—in their greenhouses, for winter decoration. It is probable, too, that chincherinchees will become more and more used for what is known, I believe, as "florists' work," in wreaths and bouquets, etc., at any time of year that they can be persuaded to blossom. But that is another story.

The native South African name, by the by, does not seem to be an altogether happy one here. So few people manage to master it fluently and with confidence. They see a vase of the flowers and exclaim, "Oh, are those—?", and then they utter an assortment of sounds, a mixture of stutter and sneeze. Chincherinchee is, I believe, an onomatopoeic native name, derived from the squeaky sound made by the smooth stems rubbing together, in the manner of the stems of bluebells. In South African florist and market-garden circles, the name has, I understand, been abbreviated to "chincs," just as in market-garden jargon in this country chrysanthemums, tomatoes and cucumbers have become chrysanth, toms and cues. More useful for the marketplace than beautiful in the home. But "chincs," no. Let us have some more palatable vernacular name than that. "Chincs" sounds almost as unpleasing as *Ornithogalum* would be if cut down to "thogs."

Four or five years ago I noticed that a vase of *Nerine bowdeni*, which had remained on show over-long, and then been removed to an unused room and forgotten, were forming green, fleshy seeds as big as peas. I poured away the remaining water in the vase, and left the stems undisturbed, just to see what would happen. The result, a month or two later, was a fine crop of ripe seeds. These I sowed pretty thickly in a panful of soil, topped-up with a thin covering of silver sand. I did not bury the seeds. Merely pressed them gently into the sand. Kept in my unheated greenhouse, they germinated to a man. This simple method of raising stock of this splendid autumn-flowering South African bulb is not generally known. The seedling bulbs take four or five years or more to flower. But how very well worth while! One could hardly have too many *Nerine bowdeni* flowering in the garden, and I find that if there is no south or west wall at the base of which to give the bulbs the conventional home, they grow and flower perfectly well in the open flower border if given a fully sunny position.

LAST winter, like hundreds of other people in this country, I had a vase of those astonishing South African flowers, chincherinchees. Astonishing on account of their capacity for remaining in a vase of water for weeks and weeks, even months, looking fresh and decorative. Shipped in bulk from the Cape in cool-chamber storage, they are unpacked on arrival in this country, sorted and forwarded to the folk who have ordered them, or for whom they have been ordered by friends. With stout stems rather like bluebells, but stiffer, they arrive with perhaps a few white blossoms open and a blunt spike of buds, which will develop and open in water during the following few months.

There are two distinct species of chincherinchees—*Ornithogalum lacteum* and *Ornithogalum thyrsoides*—both white-flowered, and superficially with a strong family likeness. But of the two, *O. thyrsoides* appears to be the finer and the more satisfactory in many ways. The leading growers and exporters of chincherinchees at the Cape are the firm of Howie's Ltd., and it was thanks to them that I was able to show photographs of the plants flowering in their nursery in an article on this page on April 23 last. I am also indebted to Messrs. Howie for bulbs of both the species of chincherinchees which they sent to me last spring for trial as open-air bulbs in this country.

But before planting these bulbs I had come to one conclusion about chincherinchees—a purely personal conclusion, but, I think, a practical and reasonable one. Welcome though these flowers are during the darkest months of winter, I, at any rate, do not want them either in the garden or the house before the season of the year when—was it Mr. Jorrocks or was it one of his hunting cronies who exclaimed joyfully, "Blister my kidneys—the dahlias are dead!"? No. I don't want chincherinchees until "the dahlias are dead." In other words, I do not think it is fair to ask them to compete with the carnival of colour that the garden can provide between, say, May or June, and the moment when hunting folk rejoice in blistered kidneys. I saw a vase of chincherinchees in a most colourful exhibit of cut bulbous flowers at Chelsea Flower Show last June, and it was sad to notice how "mere" they looked in the company of iris and ixia, sparaxis, ranunculus, lilies and all the other gay habitués of Chelsea.

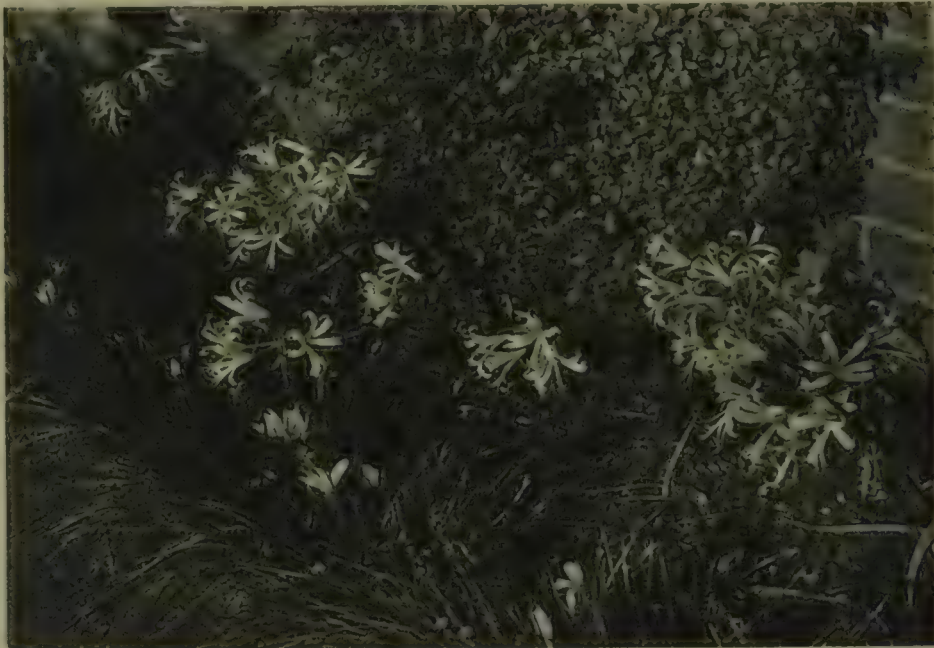
I therefore deliberately delayed planting my chincherinchee bulbs until about mid-June. I gave them a raised bed at the foot of the wall (outside) of my unheated greenhouse, facing full south. There were several dozen each of both species, *Ornithogalum lacteum* and *O. thyrsoides*, and they left me in no doubt as to which were the more satisfactory for that particular treatment. *Ornithogalum lacteum* pushed up a rather reluctant crop of leaves which loitered unhappily for a while and retired early, without a solitary flower-spike showing up. *Ornithogalum thyrsoides*, on the other hand, produced a healthy crop of broad, glossy leaves, and then, in late summer, a most satisfactory lot of stout flower-spikes, and I was delighted to find that I had done my handicapping by late planting with just the right timing. In early October I gathered a good bunch of half-opened flower-spikes, which took to life in a vase just as readily as the imported specimens I had known in past winters. I picked an even later batch in the last week of October, after the dahlias were dead, and kidneys, doubtless, nicely blistered.

These had endured, and survived, several degrees of frost without any protection whatever. and, facing south, they had undergone that most severe test of all—morning sun striking them whilst they were still crusted white with hoar-frost. Only two flower-spikes in this last



CHINCHERINCHEES AFTER SEVEN WEEKS IN WATER AND AFTER ARRIVING FROM SOUTH AFRICA AS CUT FLOWERS. The species here shown is *Ornithogalum lacteum*, a dry-ground species, which in the Cape is considered the best species for export purposes. *O. thyrsoides*, a damp-ground species, Mr. Elliott has found better for growing for autumn flowering in this country.

Photograph by Peter Pritchard.



FLOWERING IN THE OPEN BORDER IN NOVEMBER AT KEW: *NERINE BOWDENI*, WITH, IN FRONT AND AMONG THE GRASSY FOLIAGE, WHAT APPEARS TO BE *ZEPHYRANTHES CANDIDA*.

Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.

FOR CHRISTMAS AND THE NEW YEAR.

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NOW IN NEW YORK.

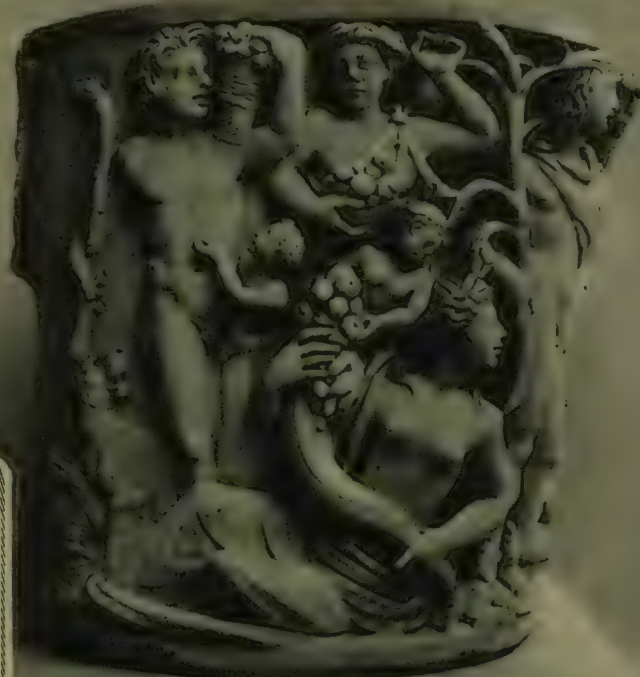
THE Badminton sarcophagus, of which we show the three sides carved in high relief, is, despite the fact that it lacks its lid, one of the finest Roman sarcophagi of its period (probably A.D. 220-230). It was part of a large collection bought by the third Duke of Beaufort when he made the Grand Tour in 1726-29, and was presumably acquired in Rome with the help of Cardinals Albani and Alberoni. It was then known as "Augustus's Bath" and was installed in the great hall at Badminton House in 1733. Until recent years it escaped the notice of archæologists, but in 1942 Sir Osbert Sitwell published a photograph and the results of his researches in the muniment room at

[Continued below.]

(RIGHT.) THE CENTRE OF THE FRONT FACE OF THE BADMINTON SARCOPHAGUS, FORMERLY THE PROPERTY OF THE DUKES OF BEAUFORT AND NOW IN THE COLLECTION OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, NEW YORK: DIONYSUS RIDING ON A PANTHER BETWEEN SUMMER AND AUTUMN.



(LEFT.) ONE END OF THE SARCOPHAGUS: A RIVER-GOD, WITH TWO WINGED YOUTHS, ONE CARRYING FRUIT AND A BOUGH, THE OTHER A GOAT AND BRIMMING CUP.



(RIGHT.) THE OTHER END, SHOWING TELLUS, GODDESS OF EARTH, WITH TWO BOY ATTENDANTS, TWO CUPIDS AND A PANTHER.



THE FRONT OF THE HUGE BADMINTON SARCOPHAGUS. THE PRINCIPAL FIGURES ARE (L. TO R.) WINTER WITH TWO WATERFOWL, AUTUMN WITH A BASKET OF FIGS, PAN, A MOUSTACHED SATYR, DIONYSUS RIDING A PANTHER, A MAENAD, SUMMER WITH A BASKET OF GRAIN, AND SPRING WITH A CORNUCOPIA AND A HARE.

[Continued.]

Badminton House. More recently the sarcophagus was acquired by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, where it is now on exhibition. It is oval in shape (7 ft. 3½ ins. long, 2 ft. 11½ ins. high and 3 ft. 4½ ins. from back to front); and the relief is high, sometimes 5 ins. deep, and so undercut that much of the modelling is virtually in the round. There are, in all, forty figures, human and animal, and the tallest are about half life size. Roman sarcophagi were turned out in shops; and one survives in the Museum at Cassel which was made from the self-same original sketch as the Badminton sarcophagus, but there are some variations in execution. The general subject, somewhat poignantly

since the object is a tomb, is the celebration of the bounty of nature, and represents Dionysus, the god of the vine, attended by Pan and a Satyr and a Maenad, and accompanied with personifications of the Seasons with their attributes, while on the end appear deities of earth and water with their attendants. These principal figures are portrayed with melting tenderness and slack muscles, in marked contrast to the crowd of cupids and infant satyrs vigorously modelled and muscled who decorate every spare inch of the composition with every variety of playful activity, adding a note of lively, if somewhat heartless, fun to an otherwise rather limp ceremonial occasion.

AN EXAMPLE OF FINE CRAFTSMANSHIP,



(LEFT).
"ACROBATS," DESIGNED BY BRUCE MOORE. THE PIECE ILLUSTRATED HERE WAS SHOWN AT THE RECENT EXHIBITION OF STEUBEN GLASS IN LONDON.
(Height, 10 1/2 ins.)

THE second major exhibition of Steuben Glass to be held in London has recently been on show at Park Lane House. In 1933 Arthur A. Houghton, Jr., whose great-grandfather started the Corning Glass Works over 100 years ago, turned its small subsidiary, Steuben Glass, to the making of fine crystal. Steuben Glass is made at the Corning Glass Centre near New York. The workmen are organised into small shops, each consisting of a master glass maker and his assistants, and each working

(LEFT).
THIS PLATE OF CLEAR CRYSTAL IS DECORATED WITH A LINEAR ENGRAVING OF A CAT, DESIGNED BY ISAMU NOGUCHI, WHO IS OF JAPANESE DESCENT.
(Diameter, 10 ins.)



"AURORA," BY LEON KELLY, IS ANOTHER REMARKABLE EXAMPLE OF THE CLOSE CO-OPERATION BETWEEN THE ARTIST AND THE SKILLED CRAFTSMAN.
(Height, 11 ins.)



"THE ROSALIND VASE," ON WHICH THE ENGRAVING, DESIGNED BY DON WIER, WAS EXECUTED BY THE INTRICATE COPPER-WHEEL METHOD. (Height, 9 1/2 ins.)



A CRAFTSMAN ENGRAVER AT THE STEUBEN GLASS PORRAGES WORKING ON "THE CENTENARY CUP," WHICH WAS PRESENTED TO THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS IN 1951, ON THE OCCASION OF THE CENTENARY OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION AND THE CORNING GLASS CENTENNIAL.

(Continued.)
around its own reheating oven or "glory hole." The several ingredients of crystal glass—sand, potash, lead oxide and powdered glass—are first melted in a special clay furnace, from which the "gatherer" takes the required amount of molten glass on the end of his blowing iron and starts to blow the form. The piece is then roughly shaped and transferred on to a long, solid "pontil" rod. The "gaffer," who is the master blower, then takes over and joins and shapes the component parts—using shears to cut off excess glass, calipers to check dimensions, and simple wooden tools to achieve the completed form. Extra decorative ornamental forms are then added by the "bit-gatherer." During the whole process the piece must be frequently reheated to maintain a proper working temperature. After the blowing has been completed the glass is slowly cooled and

(Continued above, right.)

MATERIAL AND DESIGN: STEUBEN GLASS.



ONE OF TWENTY PIECES DESIGNED BY BRITISH ARTISTS: "PAN AND NYMPH," BY LESLIE DUBBIN, WHO DESIGNED THE STALINGRAD SWORD IN 1942. (Height, 10 ins.)



THE ENGRAVING OF "THE HERRY-GO-ROUND BOWL," WHICH WAS THE GIFT OF PRESIDENT AND MRS. TRUMAN TO THE QUEEN ON THE OCCASION OF HER WEDDING. IT WAS GRACIOUSLY LENT BY HER MAJESTY FOR THE RECENT EXHIBITION.

(Continued.)
the eye as low relief. As important as the constant insistence on first-rate materials and craftsmanship in the making of Steuben Glass is the emphasis laid on design. The design department is located in New York City and is at present directed by John M. Gates. There is a group of resident designers who work in close co-operation with the craftsmen in the factory, and whose ideas are referred to the production experts. Often designs for engraved decorations are commissioned from artists all over the world, as in the case of the twenty pieces with designs by British artists which were shown in London. In such cases the artist submits his drawing for the engraved decoration and the shape of the piece is designed by Steuben experts to conform with the engraving. Another selection of Steuben Glass was illustrated in our issue of October 22.

(RIGHT).
"ACROBATS," BY PAVEL TCHELITCHEW. THIS VASE, SHAPED LIKE A GIANT BRANDY BALLOON, IS IN THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM.
(Height, 13 1/2 ins.)

(Continued.)
base is ground and polished until it is smooth. Each completed piece is then subjected to an exhaustive inspection and any which is not perfect is immediately destroyed. The rare and difficult art of copper-wheel engraving is used extensively by Steuben in the decoration of important pieces. The engraver works at a small lathe into which he fits copper wheels of varying thicknesses and diameters. He presses the glass against the revolving wheel which is fed with an abrasive mixture. The result is a shallow intaglio which appears to

(RIGHT).
"ORCHID," ONE OF A SET OF TWELVE PLATES, EACH ENGRAVED WITH A DIFFERENT FLOWER DESIGN BY DON WIER.
(Diameter, 8 1/2 ins.)



"SUMMER," A VASE OF HEAVY CRYSTAL ENGRAVED WITH THE FIGURE OF A WOMAN CARRYING ON HER HEAD A HARVEST SHEAF, DESIGNED BY DUNCAN GRANT. (Height, 11 ins.)

A STORM OF MOVEMENT AND ACTION CAPTURED BY THE CAMERA—DURING LONDON'S FIRST SIGHT OF THE MOISEYEV FOLK DANCE COMPANY FROM MOSCOW.



THE DANCE OF THE BALALAIKA PLAYERS IN "SUMMER," THE OPENING ITEM IN THE PROGRAMME OF RUSSIAN DANCES PRESENTED BY THE MOISEYEV MOSCOW COMPANY AT KARLS COURT.



THE SWIRLING SKIRTS AND PETTICOATS, FLYING LIMBS AND STAMPING FEET OF THE FAST AND FURIOUS "JOK" IN THE MOLDAVIAN SUITE FROM THE RUMANIAN FRONTIER.



BRANDISHING SWORDS, WHIPS AND TOMMY-GUNS, THE PARTISANS IN THE DANCE OF THAT NAME VIGOROUSLY CELEBRATE THEIR SAVAGE VICTORY IN THE NORTH CAUCASUS.



JOVIAL ACROBATICS LIKE THESE AGAINST A BACKGROUND OF WELL-DRILLED MASS CONVOLUTIONS—HERE SEEN IN THE UKRAINIAN SUITE—ARE TYPICAL OF ALL THE BIG NUMBERS.



VIGOROUS LEAPS AND SPINS IN A DANCE OF DIZZY SPEED AND VITALITY: PART OF "JOK," A SUITE OF DANCES OF MOLDAVIAN ORIGIN AND GYPSY FLAVOUR.



THE YOUNG PEASANT AND HIS SWEETHEART: A *PAS DE DEUX* FROM "SUMMER"—A BIG PRODUCTION NUMBER AROUND THE CELEBRATION OF THEIR ENGAGEMENT.

In April 1954 London had its first taste of post-war Russian dancing when a company called "Beryozka" appeared for a short season at the Stoll Theatre. In this company all the dancers were girls and all the dances elaborately drilled mass movements on folk-dance themes. The company, however, which opened for a limited season at the Empress Hall, Earls Court, on November 15—the Moscow State Folk Dance Company directed by Igor Moiseyev—is a large mixed company, particularly strong in male dancers. The programme is based throughout on folk and national dancing, but the various republics of the U.S.S.R. are so rich in vigorous and lively national

dances that this is no disadvantage. In general, various national dances are woven into larger production numbers, such as the spring dances of the Ukrainian Suite and the Moldavian dances in the group called "Jok." In these, elaborate and well-drilled movements, mainly by the girls of the company, are enlivened and embroidered with brilliant and vigorous acrobatics from the men. Also in the programme are short pieces, mostly humorous and sometimes touching, among which "Yurochka" and "Poem from the Surroundings of Moscow" are outstanding. "The Partisans," and "Poem from the Surroundings of Moscow" are outstanding. "The Partisans," of which we show one photograph, is a patriotic scene based on the experiences of

ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN DURING AN



THE GOALKEEPER CLEARS IN A POSITIVELY DYNAMIC DANCE-MIME OF A FOOTBALL-MATCH, IN WHICH THE ONLY THING LACKING WAS THE BALL.



CONFUSION WORSE CONFOUNDED—AS MILTON WOULD HAVE SAID; AND THE REFEREE WASHES HIS HANDS OF THE PROCEEDINGS, AND LEAVES THEM TO SORT THEMSELVES OUT.



THE CORNER KICK SAILS IN—AND EVERYONE HAS A GO AT THE IMAGINARY BALL IN FRONT OF THE GOAL-MOUTH.



WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO THAT IMAGINARY BALL? HAS THE FLYING WING SCORED? OR HAS THE GOALKEEPER CLEARED? OR ARE THESE TWO IMAGINARY BALLS?



BRIGHTER FOOTBALL WITH A VENGEANCE: A GENERAL *MELÉ*, SO VIGOROUS, SO MORE-THAN-LIFE-LIKE THAT NO ONE, NOT EVEN THE PLAYERS, COULD OBJECT TO THE ABSENCE OF THE BALL.

partisans in the Caucasus during the war; and a Sailor's Dance was a particularly brilliant piece of fun, based on drill movements and the evolutions of a ship's engines, and humanised by the presence of a ferocious petty officer and a Laurel-and-Hardy-like couple of engineers. In general, there is little display of solo work; and in the main ensembles, the soloists (nearly always men) succeed and outvie each other with dazzling speed. One item, however, the fight of the two urchins, a "dance in honour of the Menets, people of the Far North-East of the U.S.S.R.," shows what appears to be a protracted and comical struggle between two small fat-clad children—who

fall off the stage at one point—but is, in fact, a brilliant solo performance by one man, who at the end springs out of a curious sack-like garment. Perhaps the most popular item with the huge house which saw the first performance in the stadium-like auditorium of the Empress Hall was the Football Match, in which a ball appears only for the kick-off and is immediately dispensed with, the large company of men then proceeding to mime, with incomparable vigour, a game of football in which everything happens, a goal is scored, the referee suffers from alternate fits of fury and despair, Press photographers invade the field, and a casualty is carried off.

ACTUAL PERFORMANCE BY ROGER WOOD.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



SEVERAL times in recent months I have received letters asking my opinion on whether the rabbit would come back in this country, or whether myxomatosis would eventually wipe it out completely. Naturally, I could but reply that I had not the competence to voice an opinion. In recent times the B.B.C. have staged a discussion on this topic and much of what will now be presented is already public knowledge. Even so, it may be worth setting forth the results of a discussion, or, more precisely, a symposium, held on Saturday last at the London Zoo by the Mammal Society of the British Isles. This lasted for five hours and included four principal speakers. Mr. H. V. Thompson, a Ministry of Agriculture biologist, made a survey of the history of the disease and of the problems the disease had created. Mrs. Lane (Miriam Rothschild), who has made a special study of fleas, presented the evidence for believing that the rabbit flea, rather than mosquitoes, was responsible for the spread of the disease. The behaviour of the virus causing the disease was outlined, as far as it is known, by Mr. J. R. Hudson, Government bacteriologist; and Dr. A. S. Thomas, a botanist with the Nature Conservancy, illustrated with numerous photographs the results, of the rabbit's partial disappearance, on the country's wild vegetation. The two-hour discussion that followed was led by Mr. H. N. Southern, of Oxford University, and Dr. N. W. Moore, of the Nature Conservancy.

The European wild rabbit had become a pest in Chile, Australia, Tasmania and New Zealand, in addition, of course, to Western Europe and north-west Africa. Sixty years or so ago, a virus carried by a native rabbit of South America was found to be lethal to the imported European rabbit. During the 1920's and 1930's tests carried out in Australia on whether the disease could be deliberately spread had achieved little success. After the war, however, better results began to be shown. The story is really well known now, how a French doctor introduced the disease to his walled-in estate, to clear it of the rabbit pest; and how, on October 13, 1953, it was first noticed at Edenbridge, in Kent. It is not known how the disease reached Kent, but it is an appropriate occasion to re-emphasise that the first action by the Ministry of Agriculture was to enclose the 200 affected acres and

INQUEST ON RABBITS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

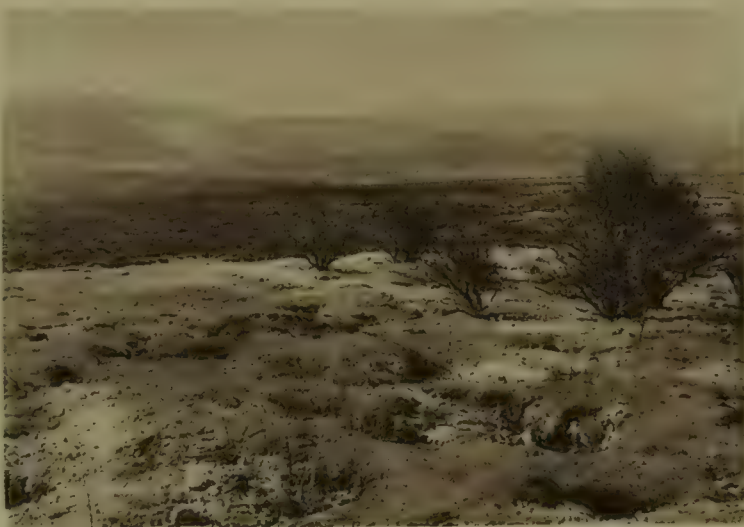
It so happened that several extensive schemes of investigation had been embarked upon just before myxomatosis struck, and although the sudden disappearance of most of the rabbits completely upset these, it did mean that censuses and surveys already made could be used to gauge what was happening. Population studies of voles and mice were already under way, Mr. Southern was making, in addition, a close study of the tawny owl, and Dr. Thomas had already started a survey of the effects of the rabbit on wild vegetation. Despite the frustration to these and other fields of research, it meant that factual assessments could be

flourishing vegetation, others becoming numerous that were formerly rare. Some orchids have become numerous, but so have noxious weeds like ragwort and deadly nightshade.

Although the onset of myxomatosis found our biologists prepared in some respects, it caught them out in other ways. One speaker after another in the course of the symposium drew attention to our lack of knowledge on even the common organisms. When the rabbit flea was suspected as the carrier, it was realised that nobody had ever studied this flea or knew anything of its life-history. This was not due to any lack of material for study, for a rabbit may carry up to half a thousand fleas, mainly on its ears and the back of the head. The suggestion that mosquitoes might also act as carriers exposed gaps in our knowledge of these insects. The ignorance referred to here is relative, for while much may be known already it is insufficient for the critical work needed. This serves to emphasise the intricacy of biological problems and the potential value of seemingly trivial or inconsequential information.

There remain three questions of general interest. Will the disease pass to other animals? Will the rabbit be eventually wiped out? Or will an immune strain of rabbits be established to repopulate the countryside? On the first question we have a partial answer. Many animals, suspected of having myxomatosis, have been examined. They include a badger, moles, mice, voles, hares, guinea pigs, squirrels and a number of birds. None had the disease, the hares excepted. In France five hares have been found to have contracted it. In England two hares at most, the second being still a doubtful case. Infected hares showed noticeably milder symptoms, and experimental attempts to infect hares failed, the virus remaining eleven days after injection but confined to the area surrounding the puncture made by the needle.

The two remaining questions are linked, and nobody was prepared to venture an opinion on them. Mortality from myxomatosis has been over 99.5 per cent. Of the survivors tested clinically, all but the occasional individual were found to be susceptible to the disease, and it can only be assumed that they had escaped infection by sheer accident. The immune



APRIL 1954: A VIEW OF A RABBIT BURY ON LULLINGTON DOWN, SHOWING THE GRASS CLOSELY GRAZED BY RABBITS, THE BARE SOIL AND ELDER BUSHES. The disappearance of the rabbit from the countryside in Britain has caused many changes, most obvious of which are the changes in the vegetation. It is the latter, moreover, which lend themselves most readily to photographic records. It so happened that in 1954 Dr. A. S. Thomas had embarked on a survey of the effect of the rabbits grazing on vegetation. This was before the full force of myxomatosis was felt. His first picture of a rabbit bury on Lullington Down, in Sussex, shows the appearance in April 1954 of grazed grass and bare soil with elder bushes, the growth of which is encouraged by the presence of the rabbit. By April 1955 there was a better cover of grass, and in July 1955 there was long grass, together with ragwort and thistles.

Photographs by Dr. A. S. Thomas, of the Nature Conservancy.

made of the progress of events. One of the first effects of the disease was a great decrease in the numbers of voles and mice. Their populations are subject to periodic fluctuations, but the reductions seen in 1954 were beyond anything normal. Records of 90 per cent. decreases could mean one thing only, that predators formerly feeding on rabbit were competing for the available supplies of food. It was possible to show that foxes

were turning to voles and brown rats, and seemed to be taking more vegetable food in many instances. Stoats were believed to be hunting grey squirrels. More remarkable was the decrease in the sizes of litters and broods. Litters of foxes are believed to have fallen off, but the birds of prey have shown the greatest impact. There has been a marked decline, at least in some areas, in the nesting of tawny owls, and even when nests were started they were often abandoned or no chicks were brought off. A similar story was told for buzzards, with evidence of a migration from the south-west of England and South Wales eastwards, as if spreading out in search of fresh sources of food.

The effects on the vegetation are more obvious but less easy to describe briefly. It is not only in the cornfield that plants have remained uncropped by rabbits. Everywhere grasses have grown tall where they were formerly kept low, oak and ash seedlings have survived in greater numbers. There is a picture of profit and loss in wild flowers, some being submerged beneath the



APRIL 1955: THE SAME RABBIT BURY (AS ABOVE) ON LULLINGTON DOWN, IN SUSSEX, WITH ELDER BUSHES AND A BETTER COVER OF GRASS.

try to stamp out the disease. The Ministry is still being accused of some sinister complicity in a plot to rob us of our rabbits, but the picture presented on November 5 at the Mammal Society's symposium of the spread of the disease in other European countries leaves little doubt that it would have been beyond the power of anyone to arrest the progress of the disease once it had been started. It might have been possible to accelerate the spread, but no more.

Opinion in this country is still divided on whether the rabbit is wanted as a wild animal, and argument on this can, at times, be heated. It is beyond doubt that the rabbit's partial disappearance has improved the yield of this year's harvest, and that this improvement is over and above anything the weather may have caused. Equally it is beyond dispute that the rabbit was a source of cheap meat, the mainstay of the trade in felt hats, a provider of fur coats, and the rest. The Mammal Society's symposium was concerned, however, with the problem purely as a vast biological problem.



JULY 1955: THE RABBIT BURY ON LULLINGTON DOWN, SHOWING THE ELDER BUSHES, LONG GRASS, RAGWORT AND THISTLES.

individuals, representing considerably less than one in a thousand, were allowed to breed and their offspring were found not to be immune. The virus itself has been found to be very persistent, remaining active in a rabbit skin two months after death. With the onset of winter, and a diminished activity on the part of the carriers, the disease will appear to die down, and the fact that rabbits are now few and widely scattered will necessarily reduce its rate of spread. In places, also, myxomatosis has become attenuated, which means that its power to kill is lessened, and also that the death of the rabbit is delayed. In one area of attenuation four distinct strains of the virus have been identified. What this means has yet to be determined.

The future of the rabbit, and of myxomatosis, in this country, remains unpredictable. Much depends on what happens in the rabbit and in the virus. But whether the rabbit returns or not, the effects on the rest of our wild life will continue to be felt for some time, and the results here are not easy to foresee in detail.

SOME PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK.

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE AND EVENTS OF NOTE.



APPOINTED HEAD OF FIGHTER COMMAND: AIR MARSHAL SIR T. PIKE.

It was announced on Nov. 10 that Air Marshal Sir Thomas Pike, at present Deputy Chief of the Air Staff, has been appointed Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Fighter Command. Sir Thomas, who is forty-nine, will take up his new appointment about the middle of next year. He joined the R.A.F. in 1923.



AN AMERICAN AUTHOR DIES: MR. ROBERT SHERWOOD.

The distinguished American author and playwright, Mr. Robert E. Sherwood, died in New York on Nov. 14, at the age of fifty-nine. During the Second World War he was an active opponent of isolation, and he thought of England as his second home. His most successful play was "There Shall Be No Night."



ELECTED PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL AERONAUTICAL SOCIETY: MR. E. T. JONES.

At the council meeting on Sept. 29 Mr. E. T. Jones was elected President of the Royal Aeronautical Society for the year 1955-57. Mr. Jones, who is fifty-eight, has been Director-General of Scientific Research (Air) in the Ministry of Supply since 1947.



BOY TRUANT RIDES A WINNER: ROBIN LANGLEY.

Robin Langley, a twelve-year-old schoolboy, played truant from school on Nov. 11 and rode a horse called *Arts Degree* to victory in the Sedgley Handicap at Manchester. Langley is apprenticed to the trainer, R. H. Blake, of Malpas, Cheshire, and this was his first win on the racecourse.



AN EMINENT MISSIONARY: THE LATE DR. G. HOWELLS.

Dr. George Howells died in hospital at Cardiff on Nov. 7, at the age of eighty-four. After a brilliant record as a student he went to India in 1895 under the Baptist Missionary Society. He soon originated a movement for the revival of the old college at Serampore, and was its Principal from 1907 till 1929.



APPOINTED CHAIRMAN OF VICKERS LTD.: LORD KNOLLYS.

At present deputy chairman of Vickers Ltd., Lord Knollys will take over the chairmanship of the Company when it is vacated by Lieut.-General Sir Ronald Weeks at the end of May next year. Lord Knollys, who is sixty, was Governor and C.-in-C. of Bermuda from 1941-43, and chairman of B.O.A.C. from 1943-47.



WINNER OF THE RICHMOND TROPHY: MISS YVONNE SUGDEN.

Miss Yvonne Sugden, the seventeen-year-old British Champion, won the Ladies' international figure-skating competition for the Richmond Trophy on November 7. This was the third time that Miss Sugden won this important trophy, and her performance was marked by its complete ease and sureness.



CELEBRATING THEIR SECOND BIRTHDAY: THE PARTED DUTCH SIAMESE TWINS, FOLKJE (LEFT) AND TIJTSKE DE VRIES.

Two small Dutch girls celebrated their second birthday on November 8. They were born as Siamese twins, and were successfully separated by an operation at Leeuwarden Hospital in June last year. In the birthday photograph above, they are seen with their mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. de Vries, who live in Friesland, opening greetings cards from all parts of the world. Folkje, on her father's knee, seems a little over-awed by the occasion.



SURVIVED AFTER BALING-OUT OF AN AIRCRAFT FLYING FASTER THAN SOUND: F/O. H. MOLLAND.

A twenty-two-year-old R.A.F. fighter pilot, Flying Officer H. Molland, baled out of his Hawker *Hunter* jet aircraft while in a supersonic dive when it became uncontrollable; he used his ejection seat mechanism at 25,000 ft. and came down by parachute in the sea and was picked up by a target-towing tug. He suffered a broken left arm, a fractured pelvis bone, and two black eyes.



HELD BY THE DESIGNER: A NEW TROPHY FOR CHAMPION TRAWLERS.

Mr. Leslie Durbin, the silversmith, is seen here holding the silver figure of a leaping cod which he has designed for the British Trawlers' Federation as a new trophy to be awarded annually to the distant water trawler with the largest total catch of the year. The first winner is *Arctic Warrior*.



ARRIVING AT NO. 10, DOWNING STREET: THE DUKE OF WINDSOR.

The Duke of Windsor has been in London on a private visit. He was staying at the Earl of Dudley's home in Bryanston Court, Marylebone. On the evening of November 10 the Duke paid his customary courtesy call on the Prime Minister at No. 10, Downing Street. He returned to Paris on November 12. After his last visit to England, in May of this year, the Duke of Windsor was involved in a slight mishap when the airliner in which he was travelling broke its undercarriage on landing at Le Bourget. None of the forty-five passengers was hurt. After this visit the Duke returned to France by boat-train.



OUSTED BY THE BRAZILIAN ARMY: PRESIDENT CARLOS LUZ.

On the morning of November 11 the Brazilian Army seized control of the Government of Brazil and forced the provisional President, Senhor Carlos Coimbra da Luz, to flee to a cruiser in Rio de Janeiro harbour. On Nov. 8 President Filho had retired because of a heart attack. Senhor Luz called on his supporters to "abstain from any attempt at resistance."



LEADER OF THE BRAZILIAN ARMY COUP: GENERAL LOTT.

General Henrique Teixeira Lott, the War Minister of Brazil, led the Army coup on Nov. 11 which ousted acting President Luz. The ostensible purpose of the Army's interference was to ensure that Senhor Kubitschek, the President-elect, would take up office at the beginning of next year. Senhor Kubitschek won an overwhelming victory at last month's elections.



SUDDEN DEATH OF MME. COTY: WIFE OF THE FRENCH PRESIDENT.

Shortly after attending Armistice Day celebrations Mme. Germaine Coty, the wife of the President of the French Republic, died on November 12. Mme. Coty, who was sixty-nine, was born into a ship-owning family of Le Havre. She married M. René Coty in 1907 and was closely concerned in her husband's legal and political career. When he was elected President in 1953 Mme. Coty quickly gained widespread popularity as the first lady of France. In view of the widespread demonstrations of public grief it was planned to hold an official funeral service at the Madeleine, in Paris, on the morning of November 16.

THE VETERAN CAR CLUB RUN.



THE VETERANS AND THE NEWCOMER: A HELICOPTER AERIAL PATROL REPORTING ON TRAFFIC CONDITIONS DURING THE VETERAN CAR RUN. ON THE ROAD ARE (LEFT) A MARTINI OF 1900 AND A CENTURY TANDEM OF 1902.



THE PRESIDENT OF THE VETERAN CAR CLUB, MR. F. S. BENNETT (RIGHT), IN HIS 1903 CADILLAC, DRIVEN BY COLONEL A. E. YOUNG, COMMISSIONER OF THE CITY OF LONDON POLICE.

A nice contrast of ages was made on November 13, when the traffic for the Veteran Car Club annual run to Brighton, organised by the R.A.C., was controlled by means of a helicopter carrying an R.A.C. patrolman and a police sergeant, which flew up and down the route, reporting on conditions. Traffic for this great annual occasion this year was better than usual, since ordinary traffic was diverted at various points where blockages are likely to occur. 194 veteran cars started and 187 finished within the time limit, the last one being manhandled over the line with only twenty seconds to spare. The first to finish was the 1900 New Orleans of Sir Clive Edwards, in under two hours; and close behind was the 1898 Stephens of Mr. R. J. Stephens. The oldest car in the race, Mr. E. Colver's 1896 Arnold dogcart, which was the earliest to start, finished within the time and its belt was changed twice. The American driver, Mr. G. McK. Schlieffelin (1903 Prescott Steamer), and the German H. G. Schoof (1900 De Dion) both finished in the time.

THE CYCLE AND MOTOR CYCLE SHOW.

The thirtieth Cycle and Motor Cycle Show was opened at Earls Court, London, on November 12, by Mr. P. Thorneycroft, the President of the Board of Trade. In his speech he referred to the industry's splendid export record, and said that of over 3,000,000 cycles made in Britain last year, 2,000,000 were sent abroad, while one-third of the output of the motor-cycle industry was shipped overseas. Export earnings from cycles and motor-cycles last year totalled £37,000,000. The special feature of this year's Show was the number of new British scooters and mopeds (or powered bicycles) produced to counter the Continental domination of this particular market. These new models range in price from £64 to £204; and some of the lightest have a fuel consumption as low, it is claimed, as 240 m.p.g. Production of the three-wheeler Minicar is being trebled.



AT THE CYCLE AND MOTOR CYCLE SHOW: THE CANTERBURY THREE-SEATER SALOON SIDE-CAR, CALLED "CARMOBILE," FOR A MOTOR CYCLE OF 500 C.C. AND UPWARDS.



A NEW DEVELOPMENT FOR THE VERSATILE LAMBRETTA: A THREE-WHEELER MERCHANT'S CARRIER, WHICH IS BASED ON THE FAMILIAR 150-C.C. SCOOTER.



THE BRITISH TRIUMPH MOTOR CYCLE WHICH SET UP A SPEED OF 194 M.P.H. AT SALT FLATS, UTAH, RIDDEN BY J. ALLEN. FOR TECHNICAL REASONS THE RECORD CAN NOT BE CONFIRMED, AND THE VINCENT RECORD OF 185 M.P.H. STILL STANDS.

MR. EISENHOWER RETURNS FROM DENVER.

President Eisenhower's return to the White House in Washington on November 11 after nearly three months' absence was marked by flags, banners and cheering crowds lining the streets through which he drove from the airport. Although advised by his doctors not to wave in return, for fear of over-exerting himself, he could not resist doing so. At the White House, where he stayed for a few days before going to his Gettysburg farm to convalesce, he was photographed swinging a golf club on the lawn; it was stated, however, that this was merely to get the feel of it, and a chair was placed close beside him in case he should feel suddenly tired. He is expected to remain at Gettysburg for some weeks, on the farm in which he is reported to have invested some £120,000. Here, as the President grows stronger, it is thought that he will gradually resume the functions of his office.



WHERE PRESIDENT EISENHOWER IS SPENDING HIS CONVALESCENCE: THE FARM AT GETTYSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA, IN WHICH HE IS REPORTED TO HAVE INVESTED £120,000.



WELCOMING THE PRESIDENT'S RETURN TO WASHINGTON: A SCENE IN CONSTITUTION AVENUE, WHERE FLAGS, BANNERS AND LARGE CROWDS MARKED HIS PROGRESS.



SWINGING A GOLF CLUB ON THE WHITE HOUSE LAWN: THE PRESIDENT PUNCTUATING HIS RELAXATION WITH SOME STATIONARY GOLF PRACTICE. A CHAIR STANDS NEAR BY IN CASE HE GETS SUDDENLY TIRED.

ARAB DEFENCE PACTS AND A CAIRO FUNERAL.



FOLLOWING A GUN-CARRIAGE BEARING THE BODIES OF THREE SOLDIERS KILLED BY ISRAELI FORCES: A DENSE CROWD OF EGYPTIAN SERVICEMEN AND CIVILIANS.



RECEIVING AN EGYPTIAN ORDER FROM COLONEL NASSER DURING HIS CAIRO VISIT: EMIR FEISAL (LEFT CENTRE), THE PRIME MINISTER OF SAUDI ARABIA.

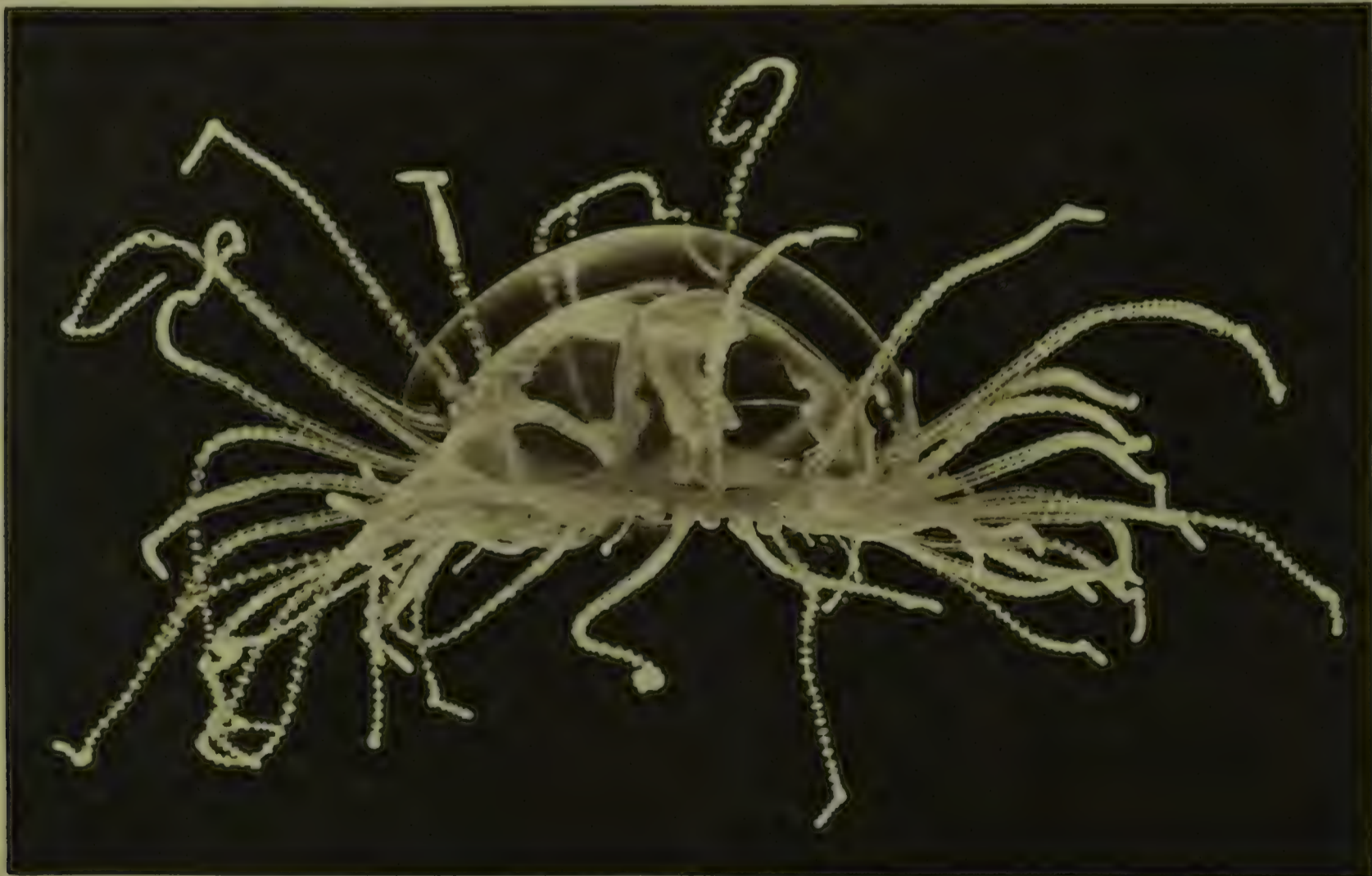


EXCHANGING THEIR SIGNED COPIES OF THE NEW EGYPTIAN-SYRIAN MILITARY PACT: COLONEL NASSER (CENTRE) AND SAID EL GHAZZI, THE SYRIAN PREMIER.

As tension between Egypt and Israel mounted, diplomatic activity in Cairo brought visitors from the Arab States of Syria and Saudi Arabia, come to sign military pacts with Colonel Nasser's Government. On October 20, the Egyptian-Syrian mutual defence pact was signed. This was followed, a week later, by the Egyptian pact with Saudi Arabia, negotiated by Emir Feisal, the Crown Prince and Prime Minister of Saudi Arabia, in person. After the ceremony, Colonel Nasser presented him with the Egyptian Order of the Republic. On November 2 and 3, the savage fighting which took place between Egypt and Israel resulted in many Egyptian casualties. The funeral procession, in Cairo, of some of the victims, was followed by an enormous crowd, and cries of "Death to Israel!", "Give us arms!" and "Allah is great!" were shouted. Major-General Ibrahim, the Egyptian Army Chief-of-Staff, representing Colonel Nasser, walked behind the gun-carriage, with Cabinet Ministers and Arab diplomats in Cairo.



BIRDS IN HIGH PLACES. THIS PHOTOGRAPH BY R. H. HALLAM, A.R.P.S., OF ROOKS AND THEIR YOUNG GIVES AN INTIMATE GLIMPSE OF THESE BIRDS IN THEIR TREE-TOP NEST.



A MINUSCULE WITH BEAD-LIKE TENTACLES AND AN OPAQUE, GLOBULAR BODY: "THE MEDUSA"—A SMALL JELLY-FISH—PHOTOGRAPHED BY D. P. WILSON, F.R.P.S.

ROOKS AT HOME AND THE GLASS-LIKE BEAUTY OF THE MEDUSA: TWO STUDIES IN THE R.P.S. AUTUMN EXHIBITION.

The two photographs reproduced above exemplify the value of the camera as a means of recording unfamiliar aspects of familiar objects. Nearly everyone has seen rooks; nearly everyone has seen, from below, the dark bundles at the tops of high trees that are their nests; but Mr. R. H. Hallam's "Rooks" provides the synthesis, a close-up of a pair of rooks guarding their nest and

their newly-hatched young. "The Medusa *Gonionemus murbaichi* Mayer," by Mr. D. P. Wilson, F.R.P.S., highlights a small jelly-fish, enhancing its fragile beauty and displaying details unperceived by the stroller on the sea-shore. Both photographs are included in the Royal Photographic Society's autumn exhibition at 16, Princes Gate, S.W.7, open until November 30.



THE BLACK WOODPECKER AND YOUNG : A REMARKABLE STUDY OF A SWEDISH BIRD, ONE OF AN IMPRESSIVE SELECTION OF NATURE PHOTOGRAPHS ON VIEW AT THE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY'S AUTUMN EXHIBITION.

The photography of animals, birds, plants and insects used to comprise part of the Royal Photographic Society's annual general exhibition, but it has developed so considerably in recent years that it has now been accorded a separate exhibition of its own. The present autumn exhibition will be on view at 16, Princes Gate, S.W.7, until November 30 ; it will then be shown at the Hancock Museum, Newcastle-

upon-Tyne. The striking photograph reproduced on this page, "Black Woodpecker—Sweden," was taken by Mr. M. D. England, of Limpsfield, Surrey. The black woodpecker is very much larger than the English species—as large, in fact, as a rook ; the male bird has a slightly crested crimson crown. It is common in the great pine forests of Europe.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

LOCAL COLOUR.

By J. C. TREWIN.

THERE are times—not many—when one would like somebody to stand at a corner of the stage and read out the author's stage directions. Certainly it is so in the play, set against a brooding Japanese background, that was found among Robert Nichols's papers after death, and that came memorably to life on sound-radio during the spring of 1954.

Although I left the Arts Theatre Club, after the première of "Komuso," with a sense of disappointment, I should have been prepared for it. The bare anecdote does not matter much: what does matter is the summoning of atmosphere, the creation of the spirit of place, the feeling that this old Buddhist temple, high on a hill in Southern Japan, is indeed a palimpsest of the centuries. Without its stage directions the play is sadly stripped. I felt, when I heard it first on radio, that Nichols, setting out to write a stage play, had indeed written, unknowingly, a radio play that could haunt the mind, a sad, wayward tune.

The Arts production of "Komuso" had something of the right effect upon me, but, I fear, simply because I had heard the play earlier. It was distressing, but by no means a shock, to find next morning that our senior dramatic critic had spoken of it as "an experiment that seems to be ill-advised from almost every point of view." Yet, in 1954, another writer in the same journal had written, in unabashed enthusiasm, of the mood of the play, its evocation of atmosphere in this remote spot upon the edge of a precipice above the Japanese harbour.

It is, then, first of all, a play for the imagination. I wrote, after hearing it on the air: "In a theatre it would have been lost." Robert Nichols, who was a moving "Georgian" poet, and poet of the First World War, once held the Chair of English at the Imperial University of Tokyo. Most of his characters are English; but when the night is over we find ourselves thinking first of the withdrawn world in which they are living, of the haunted temple, the overtones and undertones of the play. The temple was once sacred to the goddess of Compassion. It has "a subduedly august spaciousness, repose, utter stillness": from it one can look down, on a hot night of June, to the still, smoky sea where "the brownish iridescence of the moon-shower" is just visible. Or it may be a windy night when "a steady gale is blowing mist in whirlpools of vapour across the stars," or a late evening when "the sea, beneath the lilac dusk, has lost its glassy brightness, until it has the lustre of pewter, and the hue of scorching paper."

The narrative itself is contrived. Nichols, we feel, worked lovingly upon the surroundings which he could visualise so well, less successfully upon the people. Still, behind everything, over everything, is his cry for compassion. Somebody says, "No one can have too much compassion." It is a play of loneliness, melancholy, failure, set in a country "full of echoes and what you would call ghosts." But pity is at its heart, and that is not a message to despise. I shall continue to think of the play as it came to me first over the air. At the Arts, I fear, we have only the shell, though Honor Blackman, an actress of quiet truth, does much for the tragic wife; and Peter Copley (the husband in this marriage of incompatible personages), Paul Eddington and Michael Warre act with

understanding loyalty. "Komuso"—the word is, by the way, the name of "a very special sort of beggar"—must stay in its text, a play for the page, not the stage. The Arts Theatre was gallant to make the attempt, and gallantry should not be undervalued.

From Japan we move to France in the Charing Cross Road. "La Plume de ma Tante" (Garrick)

is a French revue devised by Robert Dhéry, but it is presented in English and in the international language of mime. There is a certain Parisian local colour, and I tremble to think what some of my theatre-doubting ancestors might have made of a scene towards the end of the night. Never mind. One leaves the Garrick happy at having shared two hours of almost complete craziness.

M. Dhéry and his associates do not look at the world as we do. We seldom, or ever, feel that the place on which to sing a fisherman's ballad is the back of a horse—yet here is a large dapple-grey with, on its back, a solemn figure in yellow oilskins, a highly articulate old salt. We have probably never before witnessed a dance for half-a-dozen wardrobes. At the Garrick the wardrobes are gravely in motion (and may perhaps recall fevered thoughts of the recent "Lear" scenery). We have certainly never regarded the tale of Adam and Eve as M. Dhéry regards it, or strip-tease as, bless her heart, it is understood by Colette Brosset, or orchestral playing as exemplified by a band that shrinks to a single sad and unwilling artist on the comb-and-paper.

In this world of Dhéry's no one achieves what he sets out to achieve. There are high promises, but all ends, as a rule, in an explosion, a collapse, or a chase. It is a pleasure to meet these determined Frenchmen (they are not all French), and although the pen of my aunt is at present with the cousin of the gardener, I take delight in borrowing another to express my thanks. I shall probably stick it in my hair and dance up and down the Strand.

Not far from the Garrick, Max Bygraves, at the London Hippodrome, is saying "Meet Me On the Corner." This is the name of a revue that would be much happier if it were crazier, if it broke away now and then from the rigid conventions of its kind. The scriptwriters have done the usual things, but such a comedian as Max Bygraves is left waiting for work. In his friendly, knowing way he could be funny if he were given half-a-chance, but he is not yet a comedian who can be independent of his material, and I had an uncomfortable feeling during most of the night that he was holding the fort and waiting for help to arrive.

The last scene is a tribute to the Palladium and its variety record. But here expert mimics are required for the procession of variety stars, and none of the Hippodrome players—except, maybe, Louie

Ramsay as Judy Garland—has the idea. Name follows name; but there is nothing to quicken the imagination. "Meet Me On the Corner," like Bygraves himself, is generous and friendly, but it could be very much better than it is.

One thing at least is inimitable, the performance of the suave magician, Channing Pollock. His joy is to pluck doves from the air. One moment there is nothing but a whirling scarf; at the next is a flitting dove. The air is full of wings, and Mr. Pollock will make his doves vanish as easily as they arrive. I don't know which is the more fantastic—his nonchalance or his dexterity. He has a way with playing-cards, but, though he can always find the aces, we like it best when his hand is full of doves. This takes every trick, every rubber.



"THE YEAR IS 1922; THE SCENE, A TEMPLE IN A REMOTE PART OF JAPAN; . . . AND THE THEME IS COMPASSION": "KOMUSO" (ARTS), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE PLAY BY THE LATE ROBERT NICHOLS WITH (L. TO R.) MR. WHALLEY (MICHAEL BIRD), OBA-SAN (KHIN OWN), KARIN BALLENTINE (HONOR BLACKMAN), MISS BONIFACE (JANET JOYE) AND THE REV. ARCHIBALD MEADOWS (LEE FOX).



"ONE LEAVES THE GARRICK HAPPY AT HAVING SHARED TWO HOURS OF ALMOST COMPLETE CRAZINESS": "LA PLUME DE MA TANTE" (GARRICK), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE ROBERT DHERY REVUE WITH (CENTRE, L. TO R.) CHRISTIAN DUVALEIX, COLETTE BROSSET AND ROBERT DHERY.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"LA PLUME DE MA TANTE" (Garrick).—Or my giddy aunt, I imagine. We come out, a trifle dazed, from this agreeably mad French revue (in English). The night is full of racing and chasing. Robert Dhéry tells us blandly what is going to happen (with an occasional pained look at his too anxious associates); sometimes it does happen, more often not. Who cares? The only dull moment is the bullfight dance when the mood is serious for a moment; otherwise we go spinning down the aisles of nonsense. (November 3.)

"MEET ME ON THE CORNER" (Hippodrome).—Max Bygraves struggles with fate and his scriptwriter; the friendly evening of variety-cum-revue (ending in a salute to the Palladium) rises only when Channing Pollock is suddenly transforming himself into a flourish of doves, pulling them from the air and making them vanish again in a superb and unexpected act. (November 4.)

"KOMUSO" (Arts).—The play of Japan, found among Robert Nichols's papers at Cambridge after his death, comes off far better on radio than it can ever do in the theatre (where its beautifully-composed stage directions must remain unheard). The year is 1922; the scene, a temple in a remote part of Japan; the chief characters are European, and the theme is compassion. But the story matters less than the atmosphere, and that cannot be communicated fully in the theatre. Honor Blackman leads the Arts cast well, and Guy Verney has produced. (November 8.)

COAL UNDER THE SEA AT HOME: MILITARY, MEMORIAL, AND POLITICAL EVENTS ABROAD.



DRILLING FOR COAL UNDER THE SEA: THE NATIONAL COAL BOARD'S SEA-BORING TOWER IN THE FIRTH OF FORTH, FROM WHICH COAL HAS BEEN STRUCK AT ABOUT 2000 FT. Just over six months ago the National Coal Board's sea-boring tower was launched from St. David's Harbour, near Inverkeithing, and was moored a mile and a half off-shore from Kirkcaldy, in the Firth of Forth. The tower was designed to withstand 30-ft. waves or gales up to 80 m.p.h.



DRILLERS AT WORK IN THE TOWER IN THE FORTH: PREPARING TO RAISE A MINERAL CORE WHICH WILL LATER BE EXAMINED BY COAL BOARD GEOLOGISTS.

Sample strata have been inspected at every stage of the 3000-ft. descent from the sea-boring tower. The National Coal Board has announced that the complete success of the experimental sea-bed drilling in the Firth of Forth would ensure the commencement of similar boring operations elsewhere off the British coast.



THE GERMAN ARMY IS BORN AGAIN AT A CEREMONY IN BONN, HERR BLANK, THE MINISTER OF DEFENCE, PRESENTS THEIR PAPERS TO THE FIRST 100 VOLUNTEERS. At a ceremony in the garage of the Ernekeil Barracks, at Bonn, on November 12, Herr Blank, the Minister of Defence, formally founded the new West German Army by handing their letters of appointment to the first hundred volunteers. On November 10 President Heuss had signed the commissions of the first two generals of the new army.



NOVEMBER 9 WAS THE 17TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE "CRYSTAL NIGHT," WHEN THE NAZI PERSECUTION OF THE JEWS REACHED NEW HEIGHTS: AFTER A BERLIN CEREMONY, CHEQUES WERE PRESENTED TO SIX WOMEN WHO SURVIVED AUSCHWITZ CAMP.



DUE TO END ON NOVEMBER 16 AFTER THREE WEEKS, THE GENEVA CONFERENCE: THE BIG FOUR FOREIGN MINISTERS—(L. TO R.) M. PINAY, MR. MOLOTOV, MR. MACMILLAN AND MR. DULLES—PHOTOGRAPHED AFTER A DINNER GIVEN BY THE BRITISH DELEGATION. The Four-Power Foreign Ministers' Conference at Geneva was due to end after exactly three weeks on November 16. At the time of writing (November 14) the Conference had failed to approach agreement on any of the three principal points on its agenda.

(RIGHT).

TO BE PRESENTED TO SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL NEXT MONTH: A SILVER FACSIMILE OF A TOWN CRIER'S BELL—THE SYMBOL OF THE NEWLY-CREATED WILLIAMSBURG AWARD.

At a ceremony to be held at Drapers' Hall, London, on December 7, Sir Winston Churchill will be presented with the newly-created Williamsburg Award, which consists of an honorarium of \$10,000 and this silver facsimile of an eighteenth-century town crier's bell. The creation of the Williamsburg Award for outstanding achievement in advancing basic principles of liberty and justice was announced on October 17 by the Trustees of Colonial Williamsburg in the United States. At the same time it was announced that Sir Winston Churchill would be the first recipient.



MAYAN TEMPLES, A TRIBUTE TO MME. COTY, THE FATE OF THE V1000, AND A SEA MYSTERY.



STANDING IN TRIBUTE TO MME. COTY, WIFE OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC: THE FRENCH NATIONAL ASSEMBLY LISTENING TO A SPEECH OF SYMPATHY.

The death of Mme. Coty, wife of the President of the Republic, caused widespread grief in France, and sympathy for M. Coty in his bereavement. In the French Assembly, members stood to listen to a short address of sympathy by the President of the Assembly, and observed a minute's silence as a tribute to Mme. Coty.



ABANDONED BY THE GOVERNMENT IN BOTH ITS CIVIL AND MILITARY VERSIONS: THE VICKERS 1000 LONG-RANGE JET TRANSPORT AIRCRAFT, PREVIOUSLY ORDERED FOR TRANSPORT COMMAND. The Ministry of Supply announced on November 11 that the Government had decided to abandon both the military and civil versions of the Vickers 1000 long-range jet transport aircraft, previously ordered for Transport Command, in favour of the Bristol *Britannia*. Above is a model of the V 1000.



FOUND DESERTED AFTER DRIFTING FOR A MONTH: THE WATERLOGGED WRECK OF THE LAUNCH JOYITA (70 TONS), BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN IN A COLLISION.

The first part of the mystery of the 70-ton launch *Joyita*, which left Samoa on a two-day voyage on October 3, was solved when the waterlogged wreck was sighted off Fiji on November 11. She had been heavily damaged amidships, and was thought to have been involved in a collision. Compasses and other instruments, including deck gear, had been stripped from the vessel, and oil drums, from which an emergency raft could have been made, were not accounted for. All twenty-five persons aboard, including seven Europeans, were missing. There now seems little hope of their survival, since the *Joyita* carried food for only two days.



OVERGROWN AND PARTIALLY CONCEALED BY FOLIAGE: ONE OF THE GREAT MAYAN TEMPLES AT TIKAL, GUATEMALA, SOON TO BE CLEARED AND RESTORED BY AN AMERICAN EXPEDITION.

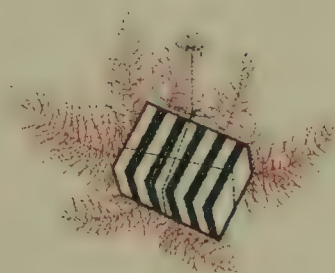


THE FACE OF THE TEMPLE AFTER CLEARING AND PARTIAL RESTORATION: A DRAWING SHOWING THE ESTIMATED OUTLINES OF ONE OF THE GREAT TEMPLES OF TIKAL. Said to be the largest and possibly the oldest site of Mayan civilisation, the jungle-bound city of Tikal, Guatemala, will be the goal of an expedition from the University Museum of the University of Pennsylvania early next year. Five great temples and dozens of smaller ones dominate the centre of the city. They follow the stepped, pyramidal fashion of the Mayan builders and are surmounted by exotically-carved stone slabs. The explorers hope to clear the shrines and to restore them to something approaching their original grandeur.



*Boxes of
fifty cigarettes
in decorated outers*

10/10

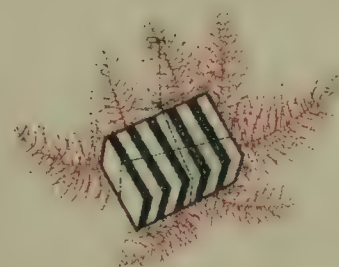


Presentation cabinets

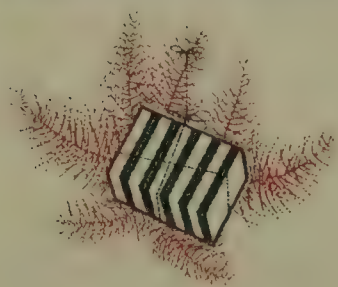
100 cigarettes 21/8

150 cigarettes 32/6

and 200 cigarettes 43/4



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NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

IT is impossible to judge how good a thing is without knowing others—and preferably plenty of others—in the same class. For instance, if you have never seen Indian dancing before, you are entitled to be thrilled by the experience, but not to criticise the performance. In fiction this is mainly an academic point, for in spite of endless variety and straining for variety on the surface, we have seen everything before. Or nearly everything. Even to-day, very unusual circumstances—not just personal originality—may produce a really strange voice: as in "Simbi and the Satyr of the Dark Jungle," by Amos Tutuola (Faber; 12s. 6d.). This story from West Africa is the author's third, and can be compared with nothing except "The Palm-Wine Drinkard" and "My Life in the Bush of Ghosts." It is pure, startling, unique experience.

Though one might roughly describe the theme as a West African variant of "the youth who longed to shiver and shake." Here the youth is a young girl—"an only issue of her mother, with a beautiful voice that could wake deads, and only the most beautiful girl in the village." Simbi has been gay as a lark, till two friends of hers are "kidnapped from the path by an unknown man." After that she begins to change; and in a few months she is soliloquising:

I am now entirely fed-up with my mother's wealths. I can no longer bear to remain in the happiness, etc., giving me by my mother's wealths. . . . But the only things that I prefer most to know and experience their difficulties now are the "Poverty" and the "Punishment." . . .

Failing to get any advice at home, she employs a soothsayer, who tells her not only what to do, but what will come of it. A man will jump on her from behind, and drag her "mercilessly along one of the paths to a foreign town," where she will be sold as a slave. Simbi is naïvely charmed by this prospect—till Drogo jumps on her, when she would like to call it all off. But it has hardly started yet. She has yet to be auctioned, beaten up, squashed by a "myrmidon," nearly beheaded as a sacrifice: to pound her own baby in a mortar: to scour the Path of Death and the Dark Jungle with the "rest refugees," constantly harried by the Satyr and his "assistance" the phoenix: to be trapped in a magic hall, composed of live singing-birds, and peopled by spirit musicians "like shadows of angels": to be laid out on a rock and semi-petrified. . . . One or two ingredients are half-familiarly folklorish, like the story of the old woman and her gods. Then there are scenes that combine pure, bubbling gaiety with a waft of the uncanny, as at the point where Simbi and the "rest refugees" are trying to deduce their way home. And there are exuberantly comic episodes, like that of the "Siamese twin" who had to behave badly whenever her sister in the village was behaving badly, and finally provoked the curse of an old woman, changed into a cock, and became even more troublesome as "the cockish lady." And it may all be full of symbolism and the unconscious—if you mind about that.

OTHER FICTION

In contrast, any European novel would look familiar; but there is no denying that "The Stepmother," by R. C. Hutchinson (Cassell; 12s. 6d.), looks too familiar, and even slightly vulgar. Catherine Ashland, a middle-aged French-Canadian, has just married her boss, an English Civil Servant of impeccable reserve and deep integrity, as his second wife. Only because her life is barren. In youth she stuck out for love; now she would be satisfied with devoting herself, and seeing a return (to quote George Eliot) of pure, calm blessedness in the life of another. But at Gunner's the "real Mrs. Ashland" gives her no chance. For Josie was a heroic cripple and superwoman, worshipped by all, and a "religion" to her family. Lawrence is still Josie's property, and exists for nothing else except his D.P. crusade. Patricia, the girl, is married and taken care of. But there remains Stephen, the outcast. During the war, he deliberately shot a junior officer for not turning up on patrol. He is supposed to be hard, truculent, perverse—in short, an ideal case for womanly influence; and Catherine gets him asked down for the week-end. But she was not prepared for his bringing a girl, much less a cheap, strident little Cockney girl. What can he possibly see in Vere? The answer is simple but preposterous; Vere is the murdered officer's widow, and Stephen has offered her his hand to make up. This gesture, so reminiscent of Richard III., shocks Catherine, only by its "folly." The poor boy has a heart; and when he also gets pneumonia, she is enabled to engross his sickbed and find the root of the trouble. Which is Josie, of course—One would be glad to think well of "The Stepmother." For it is sympathetic; it has touching and profound moments. But the novelettishness is too glaring.

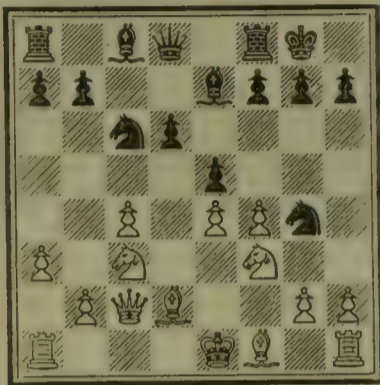
"Angel with a Sword," by Oriel Malet (Hodder and Stoughton; 12s. 6d.), slightly resembles it in theme, but without the human falsity. Hugo Denton has first been attracted to Imogen as an unknown girl, seen from a window. He has a sense of recognition, and of unease. At last he meets her by chance; and then he gives her a lift on a wet day, and meets her family. Then all is solved; the dead husband and father was his hated C.O. But instead of giving Imogen up, he pursues her as his "second chance," cuts out a devoted, lifelong wooer, and tortures her with his ambivalence and black moods—until one day she learns the truth after all. This dramatic element is rather fine-spun, and not very convincing. But it is a charming story to read—with a kind of pastel elegance, a minor poetry of sensations and domestic interiors, and, above all, a family atmosphere which makes a nice story in itself.

"The Man with Two Wives," by Patrick Quentin (Gollancz; 10s. 6d.), seems to me the author's best yet, and, in fact, a demonstration of how to do it. The ingenuity and suspense are masterly; the plot is not trying to be "good enough for a straight novel" (as so many do), it is simply the ideal plot for a detective novel. Bill Harding, the narrator, started life as a great writer in *posse*, being Bohemian in the South of France with his lovely, feckless, genius-worshipping Angelica. And then it all turned sour. . . . There are a few brilliant character-parts, an the solution is a bomb-shell.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

IN a simultaneous display at Bognor Regis, one game reached this position; I was White:



As I came up to this board, my opponent played 12. . . . Q-Kt3.

H'm. . . . Somewhat awkward. Black threatens, by 13. . . . Q-Bch, to make me move my king, so denying me the thrill of castling. Either 13. Kt-Q1 or 13. B-B7, to defend that square with my queen, would be a step backwards—and leave castling as far off as ever. In less time than it has taken to write these lines (for with twenty-four other opponents waiting, you cannot tarry) I found a resource.

13. Castles Kt-B7
Of course! Now, I had reasoned, after my next move, I can force a disclosed attack on the intrusive knight and at least maintain the material balance. So:

14. Kt-Q5 Q-Q1
14. . . . Q-B4? would fail against 15. B-K3 or 15. P-QKt4; whilst 14. . . . Q-R3; 15. Kt-B7 would allow White to seize R for Kt himself, even before Black, whilst still chivvying Black's queen.

15. Kt×Bch??
Even bearing in mind that I had been twice round the room since I conceived my plan, encountering all the nastinesses chess-playing Bognor could provide, this was an amazing lapse. 15. B-R5! was, of course, the move; Black takes my bishop, I take his knight, and everything is neat and tidy. Now, instead, Black replies 15. . . . Q×Kt and no longer can I avoid loss of the exchange. My one consolation was that I still had two good bishops; making desperate use of them in the sequel and aided by one or two inaccuracies on my opponent's part, I finally managed to win: even in the last few moves I had to employ a near-swindle.

That might have been the end of it—had not my opponent been the famous psycho-analyst Ernest Jones, M.D. A few days later a letter arrived from him reminding me. . . . "You could have saved the knight-rook exchange by B-R5. . . . but the thought of losing one of your beloved bishops put the idea out of your mind. An example of what we call 'repression.' But your complex about bishops seems to pay you handsome dividends."

The inference of his last remark being that, if you handle bishops well enough, it does not matter being obsessed with them. To paraphrase this a little is to reveal it as an inadequate philosophy "If you are a good enough attacking player, it does not matter being obsessed with attack." To reach the heights in competitive effort, you must eliminate all angularities of style. Leaning too heavily on use of bishops is as misguided as enjoying attack so much that you become weak in defence.

Did Dr. Jones give me a valuable tip, in suggesting I might be so fond of my bishops as to be blind to profitable opportunities of sacrificing them? Should I tone down my bishop worship? Would it pay me to have my whole outlook on chess psycho-analysed for little phobias and repressions like this, which might be interfering with a perfectly calm and detached outlook in play?

Leonard Barden once suggested that an Oxford University side he was captaining might be hypnotised to increase their confidence.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

MANNERS—AND OTHER MATTERS.

A BOOK for the civilised to treasure is Sir Harold Nicolson's "Good Behaviour" (Constable; 21s.). He gives it the sub-title of "A Study of Certain Types of Civility." He traces the growth of good manners as a necessary part of civilised human intercourse, from the classical Chinese to the present day. Out of the vast store of his erudition (and he claims that the book is no more than a collection of notes on those things which have pleased him in the course of his life), Sir Harold makes a charming selection. He tells us of the Kalos Kagathos of Ancient Greece, who was "perhaps the most intelligent and appreciative human being that has ever lived upon this earth. Unfortunately, he only lasted in his full perfection for some eighty years." The Kalos Kagathos, among his other virtues, had the most excellent table manners.

"Unpunctuality was ill-regarded and no host waited for any guest who was late. Two guests generally shared one couch, and there was a special technique for arranging the cushions gracefully, the left arm resting on the couch, the right being held free for eating. There were no forks or knives, and on finishing a course the guests wiped their fingers on a piece of bread, which was then thrown to the Maltese spaniels that were the inmates of every Athenian home. For very hot dishes gloves were used to protect the fingers, or even small shields made of horn."

It is perhaps natural that Sir Harold Nicolson, great Hellenophile that he is, should compare the Romans unfavourably with the Greeks—though he has agreeable things to say of Cicero, who for him is the model of the best type of Roman gentleman. He is not attracted until the advent of Saint Augustine by the early Christians, whose unpopularity with the Roman masses (the ruling classes, on the whole, were tolerant of their foibles) was due to their irritating bad manners and complacency. "Even thus, in the early days, could the converts to Buchmanism be recognised by the manner in which they would prance along the Tottenham Court Road; even thus, would commissars of satellite Republics beam with self-satisfaction when confronted by those to whom the light had not been vouchsafed." Sir Harold deals more kindly with the manifestations of chivalry where contact with the excellent manners of the Moors and Saracens turned the Germanic boors, who ruled Western Europe, into very "parfit gentyl knights" dedicated to *le fin amour* and *le gay saber*. It would be tempting, but far beyond the scope of this column, to stroll with Sir Harold through all the centuries encompassed in the delightful pages of this charming book, but there will be few who will disagree with his conclusion that, "if the Welfare State is not to become uniform and therefore dull, we must keep in our memory the diverse types of civility which with such difficulty have been created in our European past." "Nor need we ever forget that civilisation is something more than social justice, something more than security, but also the enhancement of pleasure, the love of loveliness, the refinement of relationships, and the embellishment of life."

In his unkind remarks about the Byzantines, Sir Harold says: "In the place of living men and women, possessing authentic, and therefore everchanging, conceptions of conduct, we see effigies only, with palms opened in identical supplication, staring back at us with huge dark eyes." Just such an effigy (or series of them) was found when the Roman villa at Lullingstone was excavated. The story of that excavation is the subject of "Lullingstone Roman Villa," by Colonel G. W. Meates (Heinemann; 21s.). For anybody who likes archaeology, history and detection all rolled into one, I warmly recommend this fascinating book. The results of the excavations, which took six years, throw a vivid light on three periods of Roman British history. For there were three villas; the first, which dates from about the year A.D. 90, was a simple flint and mortar house belonging to a native farmer in the process of Romanisation. This was expanded into a much bigger house some eighty or ninety years later by an owner who was clearly a Roman official of importance. During the troubled times in Britain about the year 200 (when even the Legions mutinied), the house was abandoned, to be reoccupied and rebuilt by another owner about the year 290. Colonel Meates suggests that he was a townsman taking to farming (like industrialists of our own age) to avoid the heavy taxation which the bureaucracy, which finally strangled Imperial Rome, made necessary.

In the final phase, the Christian Chapel with the Byzantine "Orante," to which I have referred, was established, a bare fifty years before the flaxen-haired barbarians put a torch to it. Lullingstone is rightly claimed as being pre-eminent among Romano-British remains. Colonel Meates's description of the excavations and the progressive discoveries is, however, no dry-as-dust archaeologist's reconstruction. He uses the story of the excavations and the background history of the times, to give us as good a picture of life in Roman Britain as I have yet read.

I have left myself little space in which to review two satisfying books. The first is "Alfred Austin: Victorian," by Norton B. Crowell (Weidenfeld and Nicolson; 18s.), a biography of undoubtedly the worst Poet Laureate ever to hold that office. Sometimes one feels that to shoot at the author who provides so many quotations for "The Stuffed Owl" (Mr. Wyndham Lewis's anthology of bad verse) is shooting a sitting bird. On the other hand, Alfred Austin was so armoured by conceit that the author of the memorable lines:

"Across the wires the electric message came:
"He is no better, he is much the same"

[or of
"He fell upon his hands in warm wet slop."]

would have been no more perturbed by Mr. Crowell's unkindness than he was by his innumerable critics during his lifetime.

The other is a most impressive book on what is nowadays, for Westerners, an unusual subject. It is "The Moscow Kremlin," by Arthur Joyce (Thames and Hudson; 63s.). This attractive and finely-produced book should appeal to students of Russian history as much as to lovers of art and architecture.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

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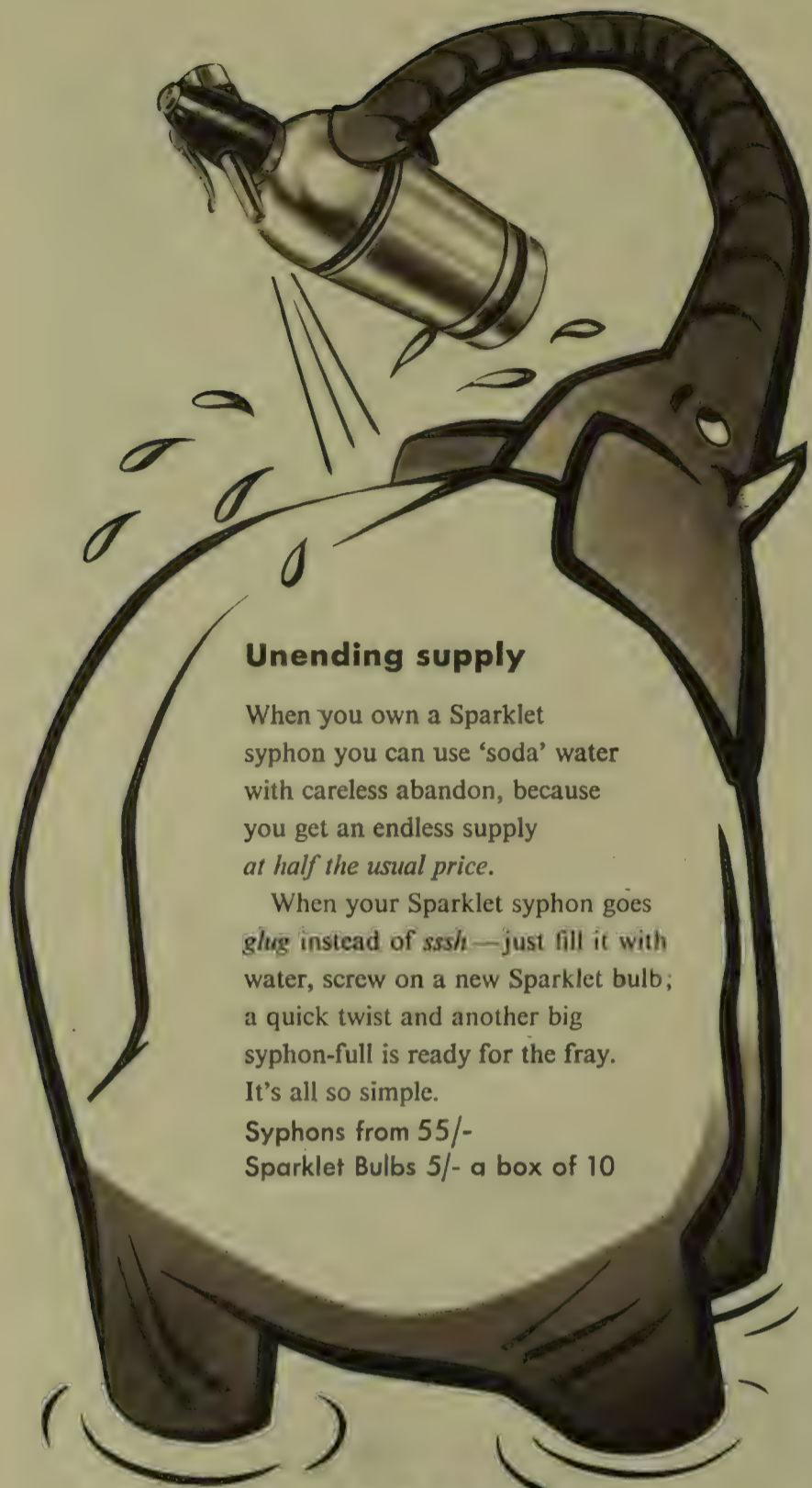
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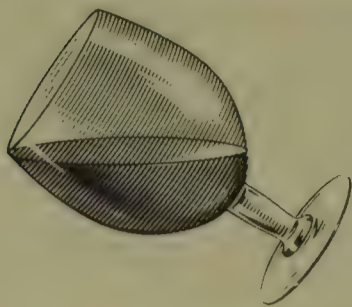
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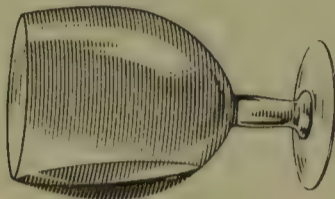
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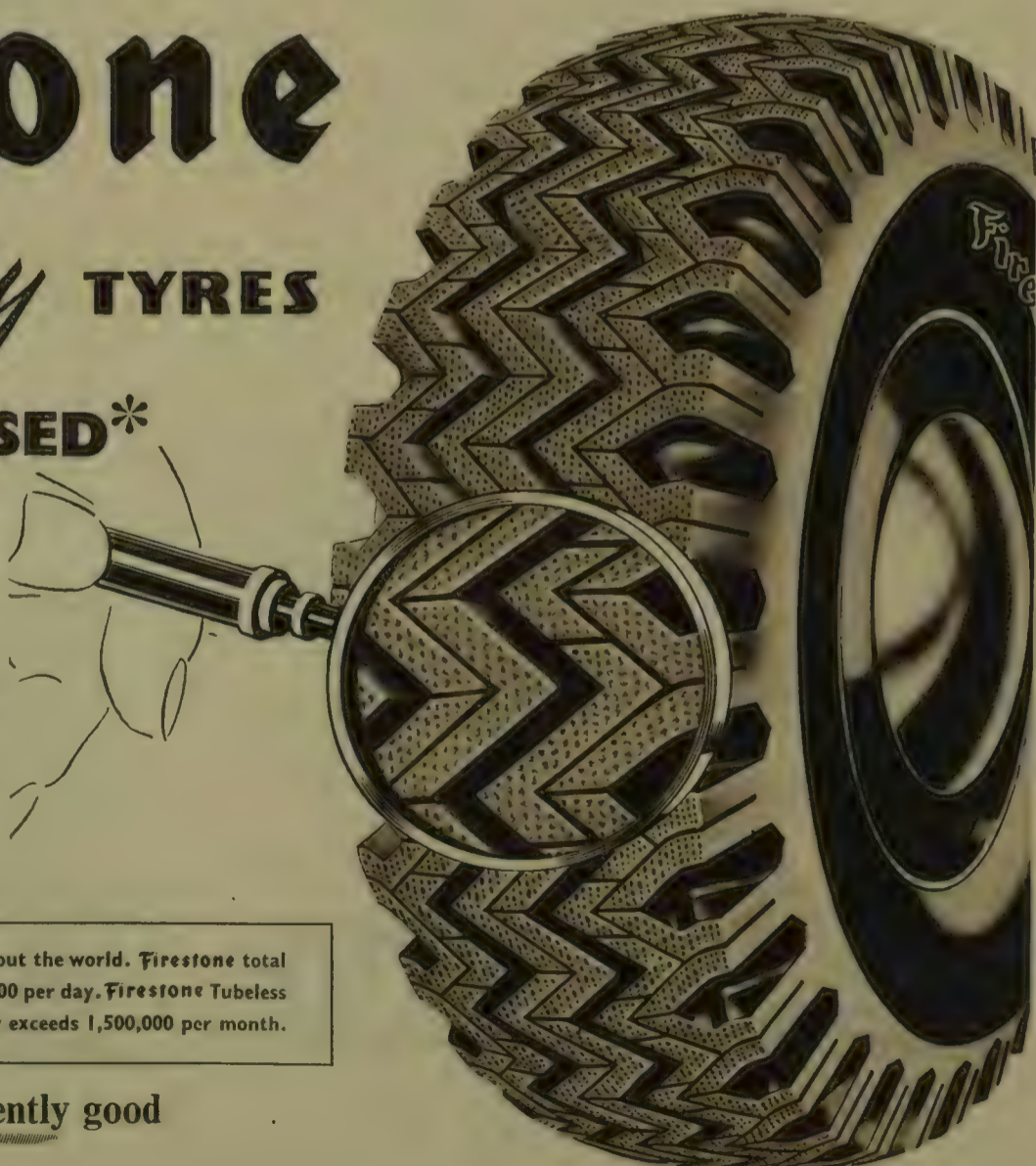
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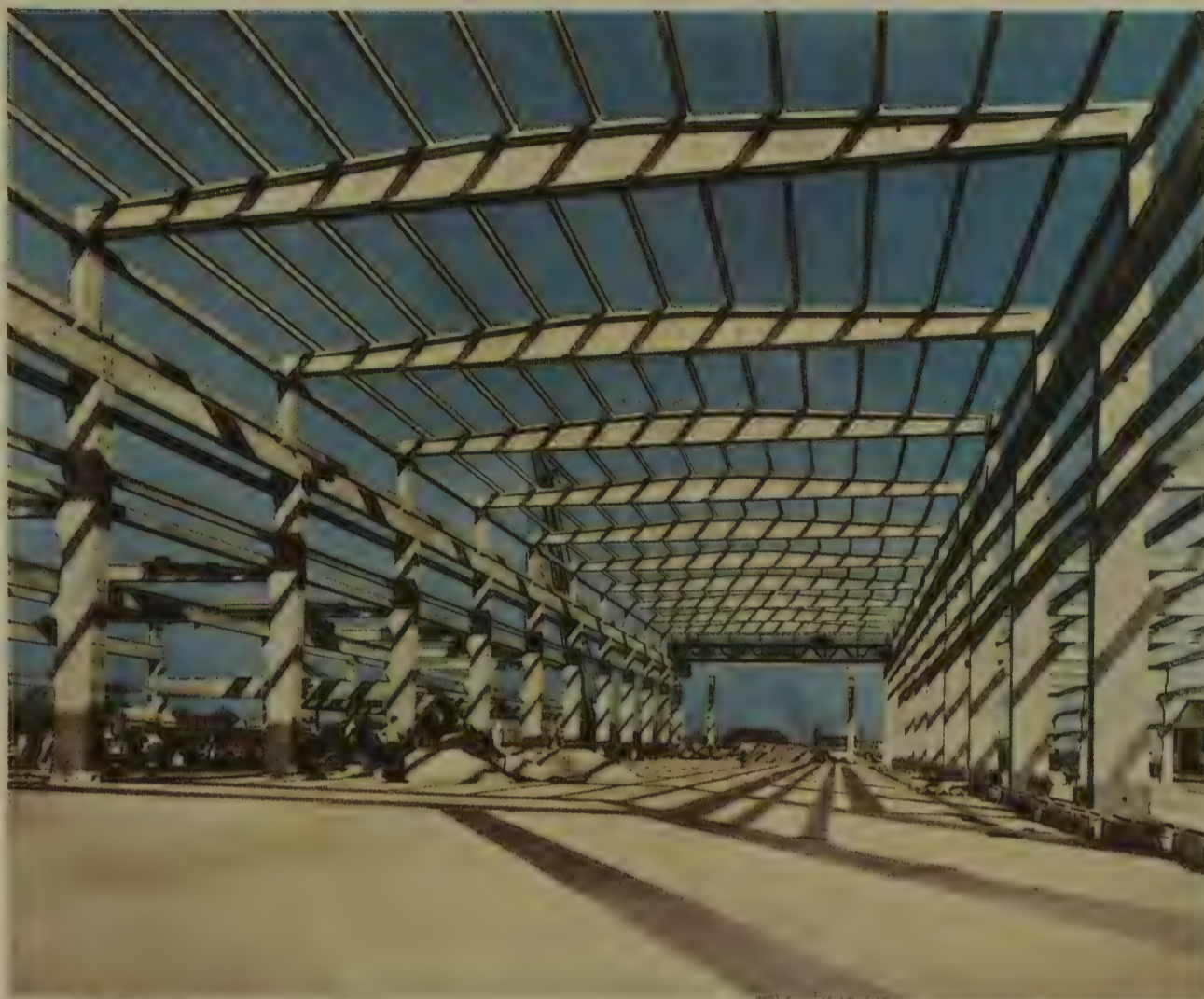
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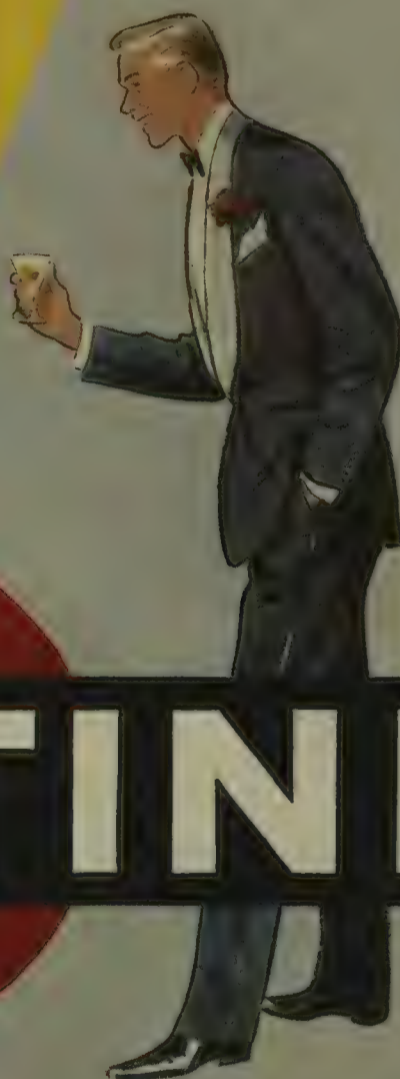
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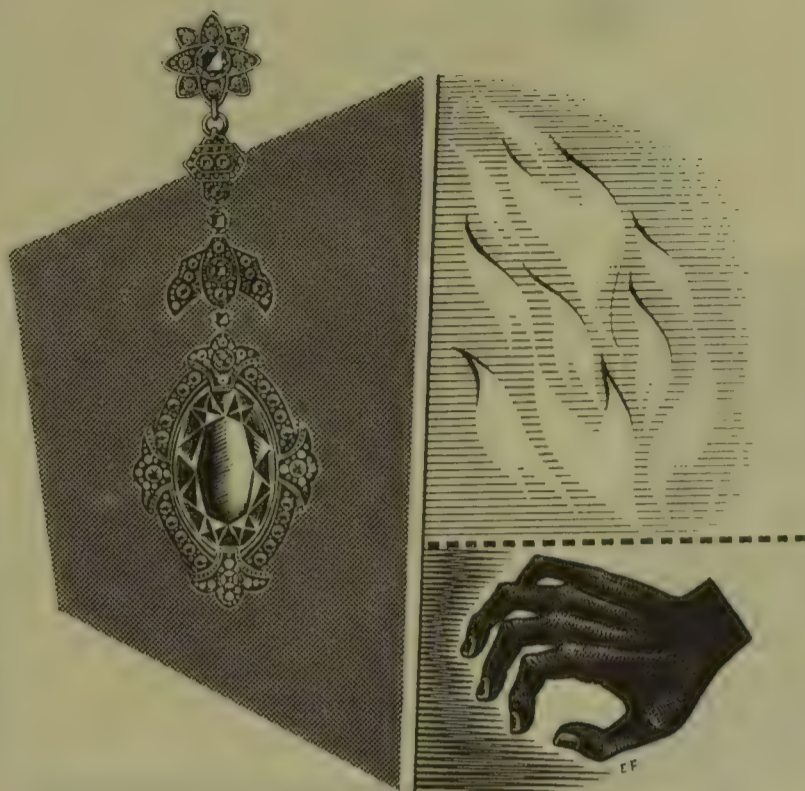
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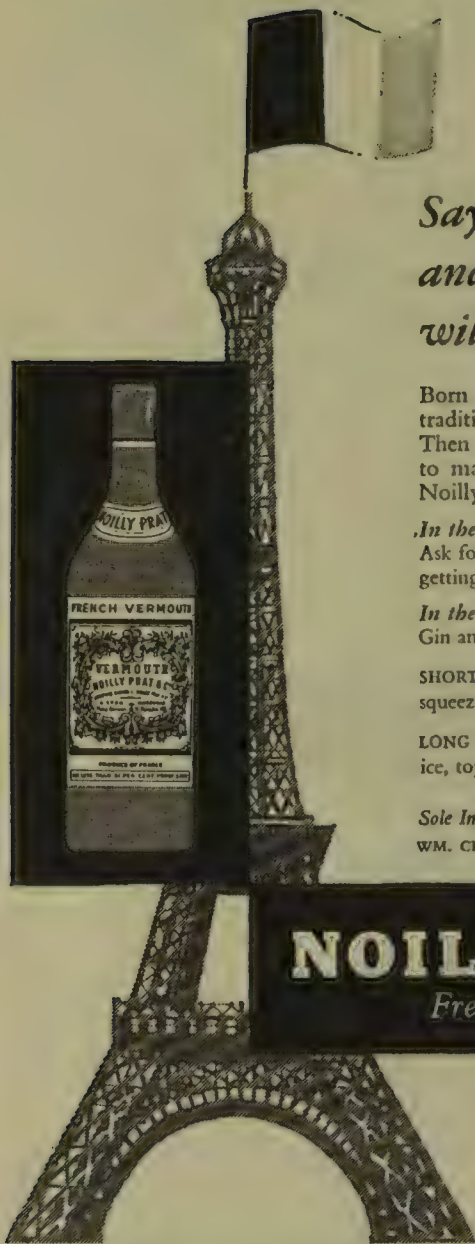
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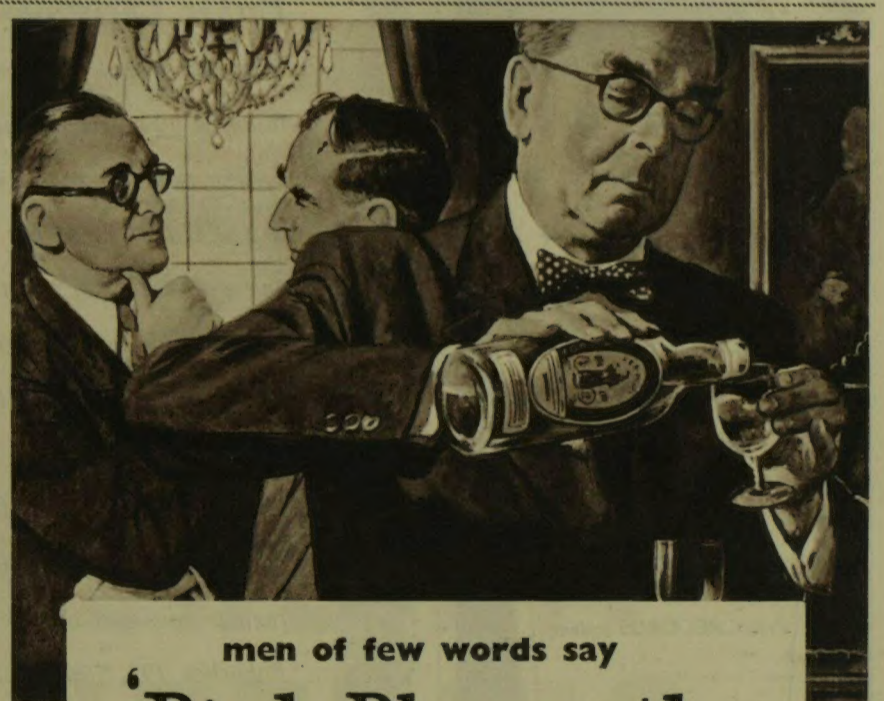


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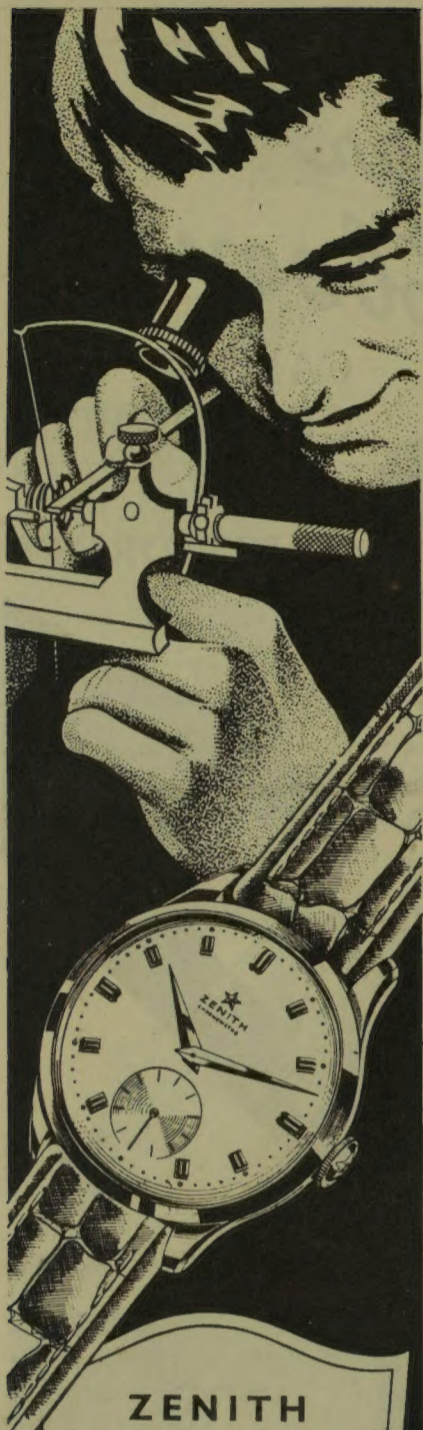
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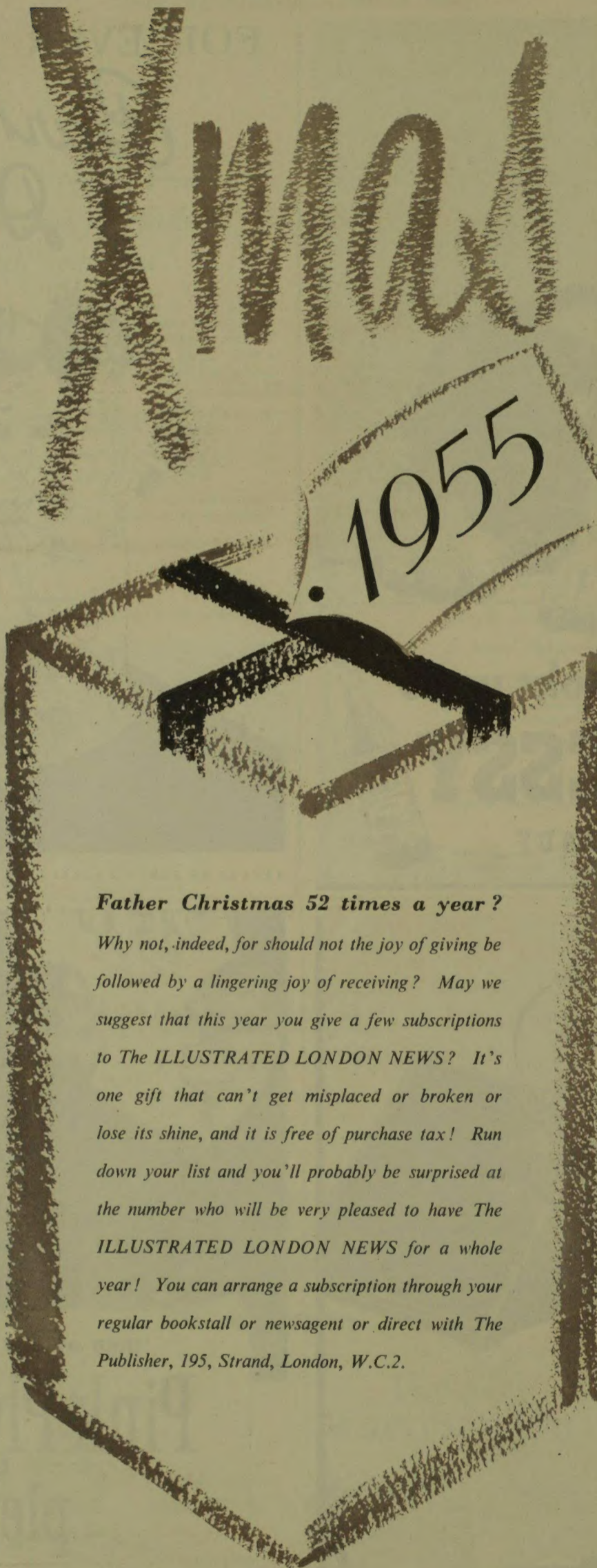
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